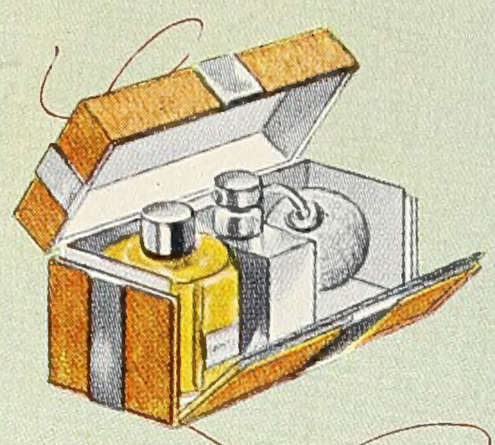
STARS RECALL JOYOUS YULETIDES

Silver Screen

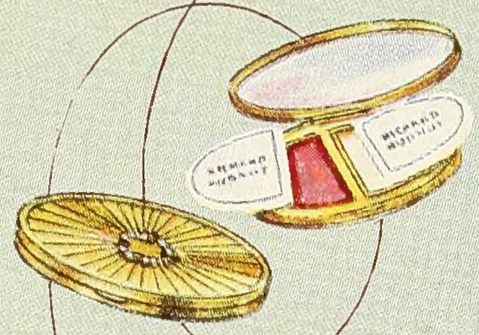
January

Sonja Heni

PLUMS FROM THE AIR

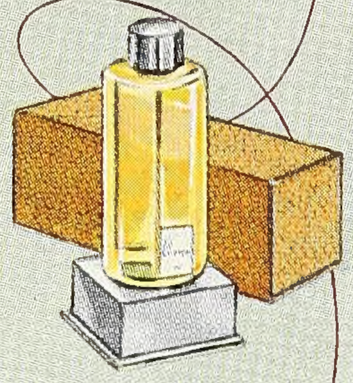


PERFUME for her dressing table... fragrance Gemey, world-loved, with luxury De Vilbiss atomizer. $5.



LUCKY THE LADY whose stocking yields this golden, stone-studded oval-shaped Double Vanity. $5.

PURSE ACCESSORIES... Smart Triple Vanity with Lipstick, $2.75. Handsome Double Compact, $2.



INTIMATE TREASURE...refreshing Toilet Water blessed with the enchantment of fragrance Gemey. $1.50.

ON WISHING LISTS

THE WORLD AROUND...

that single thread of Fragrance

Gemey

In Monte Carlo or Mandalay, in Singapore or Salzburg...on wishing lists the world around, the loveliest women write...fragrance Gemey!

For fragrance Gemey, young and fresh and spirited, is beloved of 75 lands. And today in America Richard Hudnut presents this perfume in tiny handbag vials, in impressive dressing table flacons... presents it, too, as a single thread of fragrance spun through a galaxy of glamour-gifts.

See these Christmas treasures in fragrance Gemey at your nearest perfume counter... beguiling trifles in lipsticks and rouge pots, sleek compacts, personal enchantments, luxurious charm-chests.

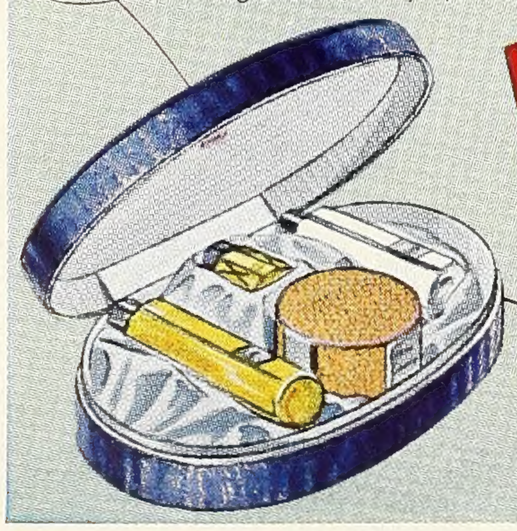
Choose from them that gift-that-matters... an intimate gift, a gift with the continental flair... in that favorite of five continents... fragrance Gemey!

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

New York • Paris • London • Toronto • Buenos Aires
Havana • Berlin • Budapest • Capetown • Sydney

Fragrance Gemey. $2.50, $4.50, $15, and special gift-size, $1.

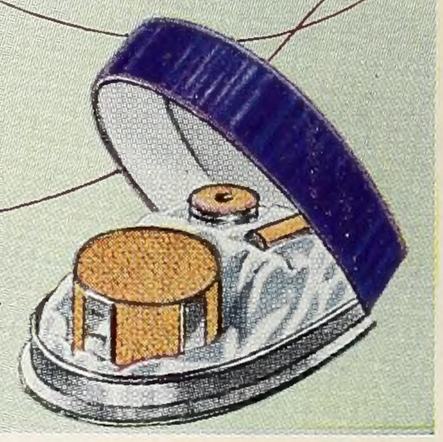
ON HER WISHING LIST...four essentials to charm in that single thread of allure... fragrance Gemey. $5.



GALA GIFTS...handbag harmony of Cigarette Case, Double Vanity and Lipstick, $10. Swank Cigarette and Triple Vanity Case, only $5.50.

GLAMOUR CARGO for her Christmas ship . . . eight personal luxuries in the fragrance Gemey. $10.

BOUND for the finest Christmas trees . . . Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, in fragrance Gemey. $2.85.



Foolish Joan... Tonight she's a picture of breath-taking loveliness—yet she hasn't had a dancing partner all evening. (*And who can blame them...when they see her pitiful, tragic smile?*)

Her small brother could show Joan how to help win a lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm and healthy! (*Bob is only six, but he's already learned the value of gum massage.*)

Joan's telephone would be one of the busiest in town—her date book would always be filled—if she only realized no man can resist the appeal and charm of a radiant smile! (*Ipana Tooth Paste and massage would help her—for, remember, gums need care and attention as well as teeth!*)

Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

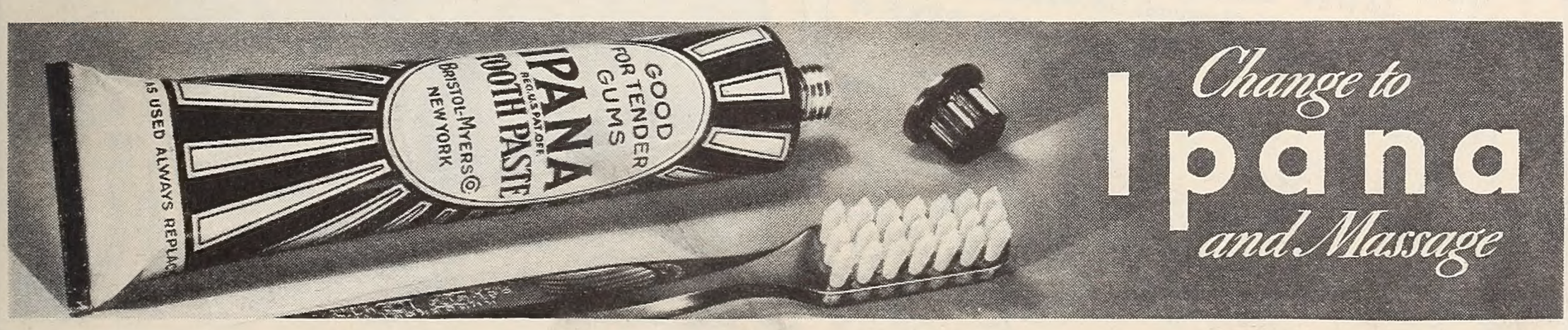
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, *see your dentist!* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let your dentist decide.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile *brilliant, sparkling, attractive*—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

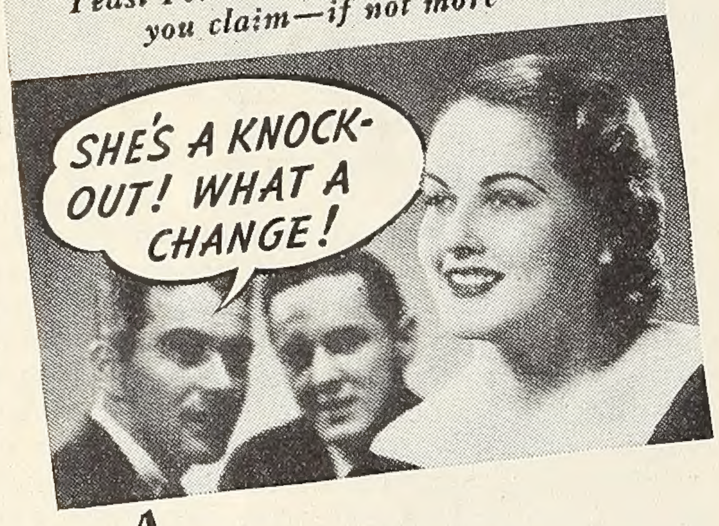


WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"

"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them, and soon began to see results."

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more"



ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then heed this story! It's the actual experience of a grateful user of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes

Yeast Foam Tablets

Now in the New **Double Value** *30-Day Size*

Free Taste Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. SC 1-38

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty

Tips On Pictures

In "It's Love I'm After," both Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland seem to be doing their best to put Leslie Howard on the spot.

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—Amusing. A satire on the New Deal, with Eddie Cantor falling asleep on a moving picture set of an Arabian Nights film and dreaming that he has become prime minister to the Sultan of Bagdad. There are some cute songs, and a few neat dances and plenty of Eddie Cantor, if you like him, as well as June Lang, Louise Hovick and Douglas Dumbrille.

AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Excellent. The smartest comedy to come out of Hollywood since "I Met Him In Paris," and that's saying a lot. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant (and are they swell!) play the sophisticated married couple who decide, in a moment of anger, to get a divorce. But they both love each other madly, and, while the decree is pending, they go through a series of uproarious situations which drives them right back together again, to the joy of the audience, if not of the other characters involved.

BORROWING TROUBLE—Fine. A wholesome addition to the Jones Family series which depicts an appealing and vastly entertaining section of American home-life. This full-length episode concerns a new-comer, Marvin Stephens, who is quite a problem youth and creates plenty of diversion for the Jones' family and its intimate friends. (Spring Byington, Jed Prouty, Russell Gleason, Shirley Deane, Louis Heidt).

BREAKFAST FOR TWO—Fair. It's just too bad that such smooth players as Herbert Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck should be forced into messy slapstick situations that are almost embarassing. However, if you don't mind seeing them smeared with creamy layer cake, you might get a lot of laughs out of this farce about a wealthy girl from the rugged west who is out to get her man, willy nilly, in New York, even though he's just a playboy from aristocracy's impoverished crust.

BRIDE WORE RED, THE—Good. Atmospherically speaking, this is a beautiful picture. But the story, for some quaint reason, decides to go haywire after it has been running awhile. It concerns a fairly tough cabaret singer (Joan Crawford) who is taken out of a Trieste dive, by a drunken millionaire with a sense of ironic humor and is sent to the Tyrol with instructions to act as a great lady for the length of her vacation, just to prove something or other to a pal of his. Of course love messes up the whole scheme, with Franchot Tone and Robert Young the targets.

DINNER AT THE RITZ—Good. Annabella, the French actress who made such a sensation in several British films, is present in this and at her very best because her command of English has so improved. The story is a judicious mixture of comedy, drama and melodrama. It is lavishly produced and the supporting cast is excellent, including Paul Lukas, Romney Brent, David Niven and Francis L. Sullivan.

EBB TIDE—Fair. A story of the South Seas, photographed in technicolor, this is really something to gaze at rather breathlessly because of its sheer pictorial loveliness. As for the story, that is something else again. Adapted from one of Robert Louis Stevenson's most colorful tales of regeneration and sinister degeneration in the tropics, it loses something vital in this transcription to the screen. (Ray Milland, Frances Farmer, Oscar Homolka).

GREAT GARRICK, THE—Fine. A very gay comedy of the theatre, having to do with a

(Left to right) Lyle Talbot and Marjorie Weaver in "Second Honeymoon," Louis Heidt, Russell Gleason and Shirley Deane in "Borrowed Trouble" and Mary Carlisle and Lew Ayres in "Hold 'Em Navy."

REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS

PHIL REGAN · LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva · James Gleason
GENE AUTRY

GENE AUTRY

LEO CARRILLO

CAB CALLOWAY

KAY THOMPSON

TED LEWIS

JOE DiMAGGIO

HENRY ARMETTA

LUIS ALBERNI

"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"

Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR • JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND... Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star

GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER • Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT

Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS

NO MORE SHINY NOSE

An entirely new beauty aid—VOVOX!

A dainty, greaseless, fragrant cream . . . different in principle and results. Never before has anything like it been created for lovely women.

A fairy touch on the nose . . . a dab of powder . . . and the stubborn shine is *gone*. And gone for *hours*.

Gone, too, are those greasy patches around the nostrils, always before so persistent . . . so hard to disguise.

VOVOX does not "cover" or "clog"—it absorbs

VOVOX acts neither as a mere "covering" to clog the pores, nor as an astringent to close them. Its action is rather to "absorb" the natural, *necessary* gland secretions from the skin. Thus, those tiny beads of oil are prevented from seeping through face powder and spreading over the skin to cause unlovely shine.

VOVOX helps, too, in keeping the skin soft, white and gossamer-fine in texture. Powder goes on "smooth as silk" . . . and stays on.

SPECIAL LIMITED TRIAL OFFER 50¢ JAR OF VOVOX • FOR ONLY 10¢

Special Limited Trial Offer 50c jar of VOVOX for only 10c

Prove to yourself, at our expense, the effectiveness of VOVOX. Fill out and mail the coupon below at once. Enclose 10c in coin to cover postage and handling and we will send you, postpaid, a regular full-size 50c jar.

VOVOX, 1003 Enquirer Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me regular full-size 50c jar of VOVOX. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing and handling.

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

$ONG POEM Writers

SEND FOR FREE Rhyming Dictionary and Writers Guide. Submit best poems, melodies today for our bonafide, superior OFFER.

MMM MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Portland, Ore.

He Said He'd Never Marry!

Then he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 86-A, St. Louis, Mo.

A scene from "Breakfast for Two," with Herbert Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck.

romantic episode in the life of the celebrated English actor of the 18th century, David Garrick, who, because of an implied insult, is harassed by a merry group of Frenchmen. In the cast, Olivia de Havilland, Edw. Ev. Horton, Lionel Atwell.

HEIDI—Fine. Taken from the famous German childhood classic of the same title, this film should please old and young alike, especially when it stars Shirley Temple, whose followers are legion. Shirley plays an orphan, under the guardianship of Jean Hersholt, as cross an old man as one could find in the old fairy-tales. There's a Christmas flavor to the film, which should make it a perfect "find" at this season.

HOLD 'EM NAVY—Good. This new film of life at Annapolis proves to be fast-moving entertainment with plenty of action, romance and patriotic spirit. And, of course, the *piece de resistance* is the Navy-Army football game, with the Navy winning, naturally. In the cast are Lew Ayres, Mary Carlisle, John Howard and Elizabeth Patterson.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Excellent. This is really a highly hilarious comedy, and with such ingratiating players as Leslie Howard, Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland playing the leads you get even more than what's coming to you. Leslie and Bette are on the stage playing lovers when Olivia, a love-sick deb, comes along and tries to nab Leslie. And how this romance is spiked provides a high spot in amusing climaxes.

LANCER SPY—Good. Now, at last, it can be told. What we mean is now we know who won the war. It was a British officer who, because of his uncanny resemblance to a German officer captured by the British, impersonates the German and on going to Berlin learns all the secrets of their great push of 1918. If it's excitement you're looking for, you'll get it here. (George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre, Joseph Schildkraut).

LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO—Fair. This has not as interesting nor as believable a plot structure as the other J. P. Marquand Moto stories. In fact, in trying to attain the fantastic and the bizarre, the producers seemed to have reached out and captured the ridiculous instead. The cast, if you're willing to sit through this opus, boasts names like Peter Lorre, Robert Kent and Rochelle Hudson.

LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Splendid. A thought-provoking drama that gives one courage to think that some day the screen will be one of the greatest mediums in modern life toward presenting the ideas of great minds. This film tells simply and dramatically how Zola, the great French novelist, cleared the name of Dreyfus, once wrongfully branded as his country's most ignoble traitor.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Fine. An unusually good musical with plenty of brisk comedy and swell music, running from opera to jazz. It concerns Leo Carrillo, a racketeering money-lender who takes over a broadcasting studio and then proceeds to force a number of high-powered celebrities to join his programs. Cast includes Phil Regan, Ann Dvorak, Henry Armetta, James Gleason, Tamara Geva, etc.

MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938—Good. You needn't bother about the plot of this musical, because the delicious antics of the leads are so hilariously contrived that it makes the longwinded story secondary. When such ingratiating comics as Bert Lahr, Mischa Auer, Jimmy Savo, Alice Brady and Louise Fazenda all get together, well, you can imagine the laughs. John King and Barbara Read manage the love interest.

MISSING WITNESS—Good. The recent investigation of rackets in New York by Thomas E. Dewey inspired this film which shows us how the ace-criminals manage to worm their way into many strange spots in order to prevent identification of the big shots. Taken all in all, it's pretty exciting film fare. (John Litel, Dick Purcell, Jean Dale).

NIGHT CLUB SCANDAL—Fine. An absorbing murder mystery melodrama, with John Barrymore giving his usual suave performance as the doctor who almost, but not quite, gets away with the murder. Lynne Overman is fine as the crime reporter who is at one and the same time just drunk enough to be amusing yet clear-brained. (Louise Campbell—Charles Bickford).

SECOND HONEYMOON—Amusing. A gay bit of marital whimsy, in which Loretta Young, while honeymooning with husband No. 2 (Lyle Talbot) suddenly meets husband No. 1 (Tyrone Power) and decides to do a right-about-face, which is accomplished without any domestic fireworks apparently. Swell cast includes Claire Trevor, Stu Erwin, Marjorie Weaver and J. Edward Bromberg.

SHE LOVED A FIREMAN—Good. On a dual program this ought to provide very satisfactory entertainment. The plot is old stuff, but the dialogue is brisk and smart, and all the creaks in the story have been oiled up so smoothly you'll hardly recognize them. (Bob Armstrong, Dick Foran, Ann Sheridan).

STAND-IN—Fine. A satirical take-off on the film colony which you will enjoy thoroughly. Clarence Buddington Kelland wrote the story and Leslie Howard plays the lead, a prudish New York efficiency man who is sent to Hollywood by his superiors to determine why a certain studio's banking balance is decidedly in the red. Leslie, with the aid of Joan Blondell, his new secretary, finds out a lot about life as well as bank balances, to the amazement of the studio's most colossal fakes.

THERE GOES THE GROOM—Good. Burgess Meredith (of the New York stage) deserts tragedy for the nonce and emerges as a comedian who can shake hands with the screen's most successful exponents. The plot concerns a goofy family trying to keep up appearances and Burgess, as a wealthy Alaskan, falls right into their laps, so to speak. (Ann Southern—Mary Boland).

THRILL OF A LIFETIME—Fine. Light and tuneful musical, with plenty of rollicking songs, perfectly swell comedy routines, and some highly original ice skating and dance routines. There's a story, too, and quite a good one, but the personalities involved overshadow it. (The Yacht Club Boys, Larry Crabbe, Betty Grable, Johnny Downs, Dorothy Lamour, Eleanore Whitney, etc., etc.).

VICTORIA THE GREAT—Splendid. The private life of one of the greatest queens in history is stressed here, with just enough data about her public life to keep the audience aware of her political importance in history. Anna Neagle is superb as the queen and Antón Walbrook makes a magnificent Prince Consort. This is a lavish production, half-Technicolor, suavely played. Don't miss it.

WESTLAND CASE, THE—Interesting. The film is based on one of the Crime Club comedy-mystery yarns. Theodore Von Eltz is the man sentenced to the chair for the murder of his wife, with Preston Foster solving the crime satisfactorily for all concerned in the end. In cast, Lionel Stander, Frank Jenks and Astrid Allwyn.

WITHOUT WARNING—Good. A gripping mystery story with Boris Karloff, *sans* grotesque makeup, in the leading role, that of a former convict, who had been falsely imprisoned, again getting himself involved in a serious murder. Cast includes Marie Wilson and Regis Toomey.

The Yacht Club Boys bedevilling poor Eleanore Whitney in "Thrill of a Lifetime."

HOLD YOUR HEART AND TAP YOUR TOES!

. . . Here comes Fred's big dancing show . . . with Hollywood's Girl of Your Dreams for romance . . . and George and Gracie Gracier than ever! . . . New daring dance creations! . . . New bluezy song swingsations! . . . New knock-out laugh sensations! . . . in a dizzical, dancical, musical show thrilled to the top with buoyant life at its gayest!

Thrill to the tunes of 4 hit songs! . .

"Foggy Day"—"Nice Work If You Can Get It"—"I Can't Be Bothered Now"—"Things Are Looking Up"

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
A PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY GEORGE STEVENS

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Screen Play by P. G. Wodehouse • Ernest Pagano • S. K. Lauren

FRED ASTAIRE
GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN
IN
A Damsel in Distress
WITH
JOAN FONTAINE • REGINALD GARDINER
RAY NOBLE
FROM THE STORY BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

DRAFTS?
GARGLE LISTERINE

Like wet feet, drafts are dangerous because they chill the body unequally, weakening its resistance to germs. Avoid all drafts, and when you have been in one, gargle Listerine.

EXPOSURE?
GARGLE LISTERINE

When a person coughs or sneezes on you, the air carries bacteria and deposits them in your nose and throat. Prompt action with Listerine, which kills germs, may avert an oncoming cold.

Listerine kills germs associated with colds and sore throat

Tests During 7 Years' Research Show Cold Prevention Results That Amaze Even Medical Men

No remedy or treatment that we know of can show the brilliant clinical record in fighting colds that Listerine advances. Listerine offers you the possibility of getting off with light colds this year, or *no colds at all.* It is the new therapy that succeeds.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed this:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day *had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users.* More important still—colds of Listerine users reached the *dreaded danger zone of the chest* less frequently than colds of non-users.

Why such results, that impress even medical men? Why is Listerine preferred to drastic purgatives that may weaken the system, vaccines that sometimes upset the patient, and those inhalants which may irritate the nasal passages?

Here is why: Listerine treats colds for what they really are—acute local infections. And the quickest way to combat local infections, as any doctor will tell you, is to kill the germs involved in them. That is exactly what the Listerine gargle does.

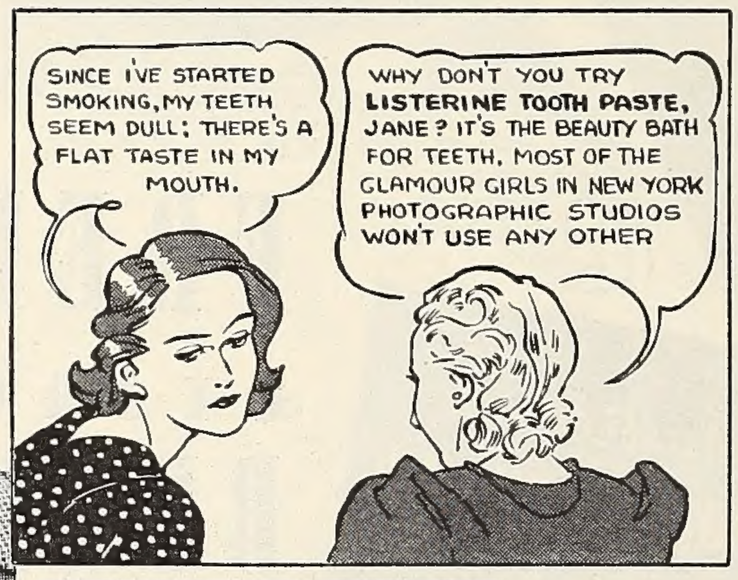
The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the virus (germ) which many authorities say causes colds. At the same time it kills by millions the threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that usually inhabit even normal mouths, waiting until resistance is low to strike. Among them are the dangerous influenza and streptococcus germs. These "secondary invaders" are the germs that complicate a cold and produce inflammation. *They must be held under control.*

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94.6%. Fifteen minutes after, 96.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 80% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives Nature a helping hand, and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

Use Listerine night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This pleasant precaution may spare you a long and expensive period of suffering.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

"BEAUTY BATH SWEEPS AWAY TOBACCO-STAINED DEPOSITS"



JANE BUYS A TUBE

SHIRLEY KILDUFF SAYS:

WHY DON'T YOU TRY A TUBE?

Don't take our word or the word of famous New York beauties about Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it yourself. See how quickly it attacks tobacco-stained deposits on teeth. How its fragrant, milky-white solution bathes the teeth and gums and leaves them fresh, clean and healthy. How its high-lustre polishing agents restore natural brilliance and beauty to your teeth. Don't forget its economy either. More than a quarter of a pound of first-rate dentifrice in the 40¢ tube. The 25¢ size is proportionately economical. Get a tube from your druggist today.

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossips

Nothing makes a holiday wreath prettier than Rita Johnson's lovely face smiling through. She will next be seen in "The Four Marys."

DOLORES DEL RIO'S gift to the Gary Cooper heiress—the very first to be received by the way—was a tiny cross of baguette emeralds suspended from a platinum chain of exquisite workmanship. Dolores and Sandra Cooper are the closest of friends, and Dolores is the baby's godmother.

Unlike most men who want boys Gary wanted a little girl and his friends say that he simply sits by the hour with the most pleased expression on his face gazing at the diminutive Maria Veronica. "Babies," he said very seriously to Claudette Colbert on the set one day, as if he had just made a great discovery, "have finger nails just like grown ups. And you have to keep them cut too or else they'll scratch themselves." Gary, of course, is an authority on babies now.

ANITA LOUISE, dining at Clara Bow's "IT" cafe, aroused a lot of interest with her hand bag which was actually three small bags of antelope in shades of navy, powder and Wallis blue, strung on a silver chain. "One to hold make-up, one for money, and one for handkerchief and do-dads," Anita explained. But you have to remember which is which.

W. C. FIELDS, who disobeyed all the doctor's orders, attributes his recovery to "scientific neglect."

MARJORIE GATESON has found a new use for those little perfume bugs that were all the rage last summer. "So many women and girls use perfume behind the ear, and then wonder why their skin gets all dry and rough in that spot," says Marjorie. "So I took two of those small hollow bugs and had them made into clip earrings, put in my favorite scent, and now I save my skin."

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is not only a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin, but has some of that famous American's scientific curiosity. Franklin, as you know from your text books, with a kite string and key discovered electricity in the sky. Freddie, by attaching a radio aerial to the metal band temporarily worn on his teeth, has proven that he makes a perfect antenna.

When his Aunt Cissy heard Freddie's radio going after the usual bedtime hour she investigated. "I found Freddie sitting up in bed, with wire running from his radio to the band the dentist recently put on his teeth," she said. "He explained that there was no danger of his getting a shock. I was the one who received the shock."

"And besides," said Freddie, "my radio works better. Using myself as an antenna, I get twice the volume."

PAT O'BRIEN inadvertently caused much excitement on the set of "Women Are Like That." Every time he approached the mike the sound engineer threw a fit. "You squeak," he yelled.

"I got wet in the fog last night," kidded Pat. In spite of discarding keys, watch fob, change, and even his shoes, the squeak still continued. Finally it was traced to his metal suspenders. A belt was hastily substituted for Pat's galluses and the show went on. That mike is as sensitive as the little Princess who slept, or rather couldn't sleep, on a pea.

HAVE you been reading about Clark Gable appearing at football games and driving around with a pretty blonde, *not* Carole Lombard? Well, the pretty blonde is Alice Marble, the tennis champion, and, incidentally, one of Carole's best friends, and Carole knows all about it so don't get excited. Alice looks very much like Virginia Bruce, and thanks to Carole, who insisted upon the studio giving her a test, now has a Paramount contract.

Carole is spending her last few days before she has to face the camera with Fernand Gravet (lucky girl) in furnishing and decorating Gable's new ranch house, which is out near Tarzana in the Valley and very near the ranches of Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, and Paul Kelley. If Carole hadn't turned out to be a first rate movie star she could have been a first rate interior decorator. And Clark, who has been living at a hotel for two years, is as happy as a schoolboy over his new hunting lodge.

WHEN it comes to starting fads in Hollywood there is no one like Joan Crawford. Joan's fad-of-the-month is an ornament made of wood which she wears on the lapel of her tailored suits, on the necklines of her sweaters, on her hats, on her slacks, and on her purses. Sometimes the wooden ornament is a carved pineapple with green feathers decorating the top, and other times it's a palm tree, or a duck, or practically anything you can think of.

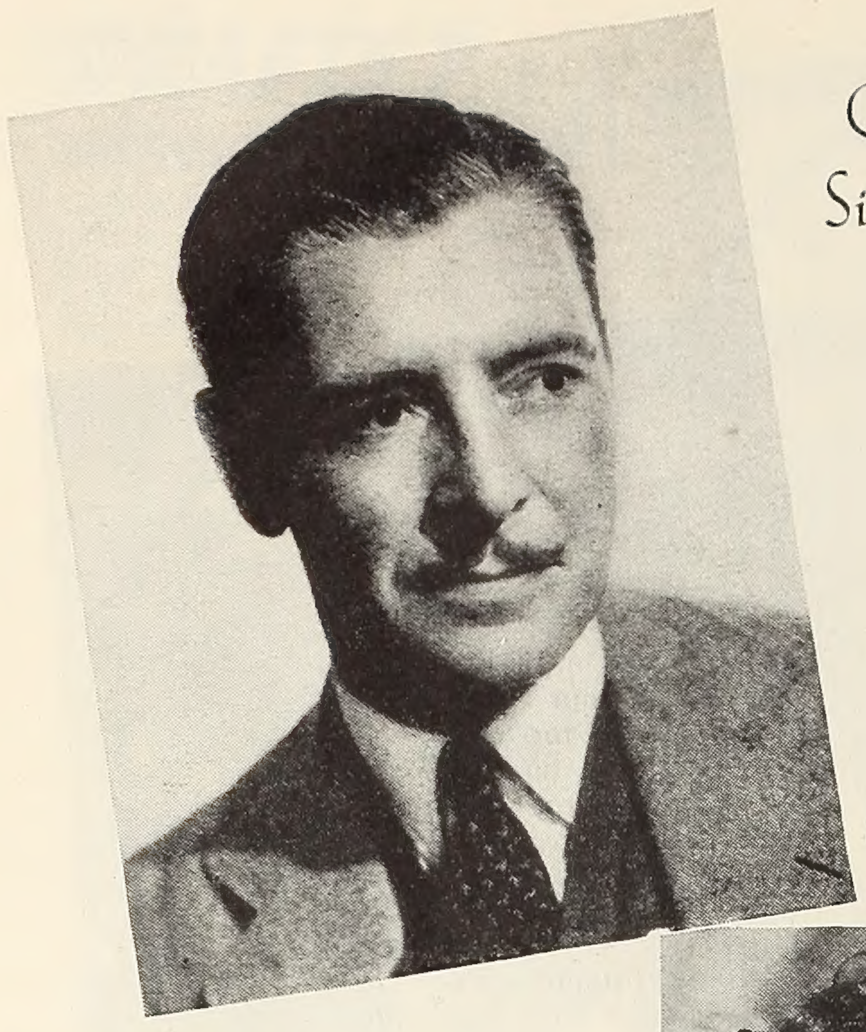
WHEN Lupe Velez left Mexico as a child a dollar looked like the United States mint to her. But in November, Lupe returned to her native Mexico City to make a picture for Azteca Films and for three weeks' work she received $37,000 (which looks like the United States mint to me). The title of the picture is "La Sandunga" and it's a story of the history of Mexico. Her bridegroom of five years (and there were many of us who said it wouldn't last five weeks) sailed her down as far as Acupulco, Mexico, on the Weissmuller yacht, "Guadalupe."

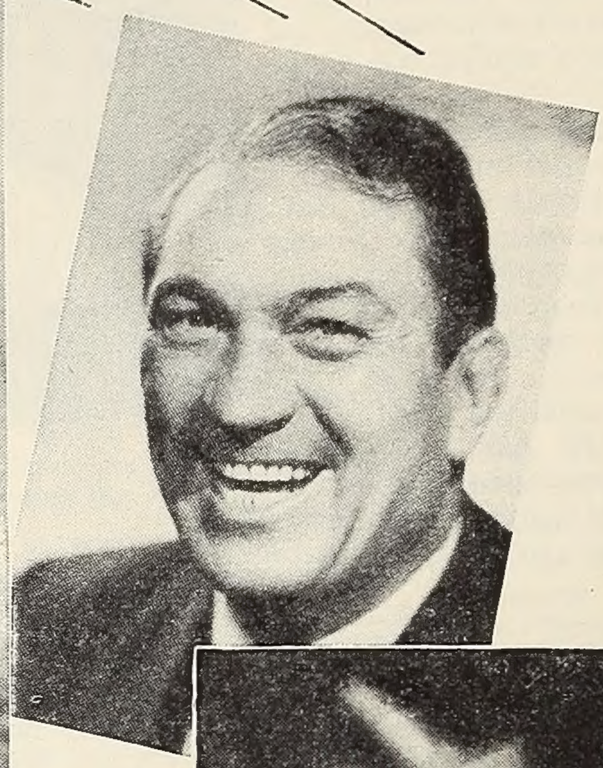
THE first time it has ever been seen at Hollywood's favorite desert resort, Palm Springs! A bathing suit with sleeves! Eleanor Powell was quite a sensation when she appeared at a swimming club there in a blue sharkskin bathing suit with set-in sleeves, fitted at the waistline and backless. Why sleeves? Don't ask me, I only work here.

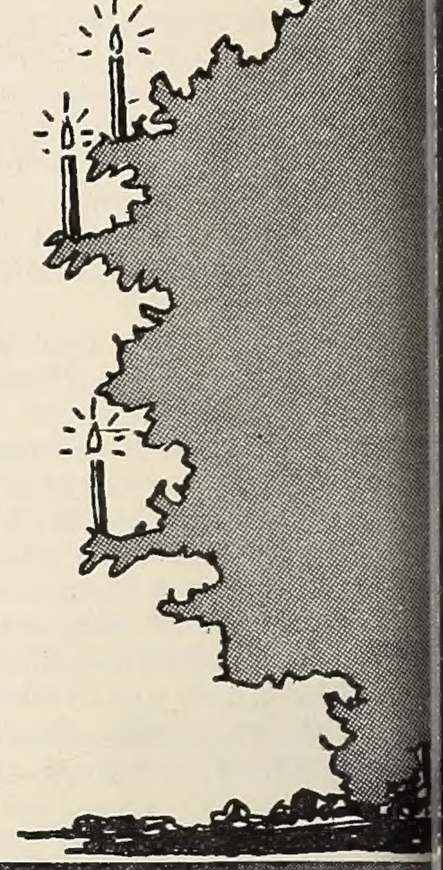
LANA TURNER, who used to be Wayne Morris' girl (who hasn't?) is now exchanging smiles with Buddy Westmore, who is Martha Raye's "ex." And Wayne is dating Cecilia Parker, who used to be Michael Whalen's steady, says it's love at last. And Tyrone Power, fresh back from a trip to New York to see Janet Gaynor, took Sonja Henie to Norma Shearer's Hallowe'en party. It's all so confusing. But anyway Jon Hall is still the favorite of Countess di Frasso.

STARS RECALL

By Grace Simpson







MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

The holiday spirit, ushering in that great day of days, is everywhere, very much including our own movieland. As the sun slowly sinks in the golden west on the closing moments of December 24, Hollywood pauses in her mad rush and turns sentimental to a fault.

Stars with electric-light names lavish their precious time on the tying of tinsel ribbon and the placing of spun-glass ornaments on the tops of Christmas trees, while orchid corsages are forgotten for holly wreaths and scripts abandoned for the hilarity of stuffing stockings!

A number of stars pause frequently in their tasks and relive in their minds other cheery Christmases spent in climes far, far away from sunny California. There is Dolores Del Rio, whose early Yuletides were all spent in Mexico. At her home, Christmas Eve is always an occasion for great gladness. Gifts are exchanged and sometimes they are placed around a carved image of the Christ Child, instead of on or about a tree.

"In my country, Christmas Eve was largely a time for prayer," mused Dolores. "I recall no meat was ever eaten until after midnight. The older people always attended Mass, and then a feast was held which usually lasted until about three in the morning! Santa Claus isn't well-known in Mexico as he is here. As a matter of fact, the Mexican Santa Claus is a snake! In 1930 the Ministry of Education banished Santa from Mexico by decree. The reason given was that the usual representation of the Christmas Saint swathed in furs and woolens and driving a sleigh is very incongruous in the mild Mexican climate, where snow is rarely seen. But to console the children, the Ministry appointed Quetzalcohuati, an old Aztec god, to the position of Mexican Mr. Claus. Quetzalcohuati is popularly represented as a feathered snake, the symbol of the aboriginal deity of cheer and forerunner of Christianity.

"When I was quite small, my folks would tuck me into bed early on Christmas Eve and the next day I woke to find my presents scattered on a big table beside the bed. I arose early to attend Mass, spent most of the morning in church and returned home to a huge Christmas dinner that I remember was always shared by close friends of the family and relatives."

Johnny Weissmuller is going to be introduced once again to another old Mexican observance, called the Pinata, which is what Lupe Velez arranges for every Christmas Eve. The Pinata demands that all remain quiet and solemn until midnight, when one of those present is blindfolded and given a club. A small earthern receptacle previously has been packed with small gifts, and when the blindfolded member of the family strikes out and breaks the jar, there is a scramble for the presents. Nobody, believes Lupe, has so much fun at Christmas time as she does.

Claudette Colbert wistfully reminisced of past Yuletides spent in her native Paris during her very early childhood.

(Top) Ronald Colman draws from the memories of his English boyhood to make his Yuletide a happy one. (Above) Marguerite Churchill remembers gay South American holiday celebrations. (Above, right) Victor McLaglen also cleaves to British customs. (Right) Marlene Dietrich recalls the story that she was told, when she was a child in Germany, of the origin of the Christmas Tree.

"The French Noel or Christmas Day is all for the children," she explained. "The poor grown-ups have to wait until New Year's Day for their celebration. Oddly enough, the children never hang up their stockings, but, instead, set their shoes out on the front doorstep! The next morning they are delighted to find them all stuffed with gifts.

"On New Year's the adults' turn comes. It is a French custom to remember with a gift each person who has entertained you during the year. Because the French always greet Christmas with

JOYOUS YULETIDES

Though Customs Vary Throughout The World Every Life Becomes Beautiful When Touched By The Spirit Of Christ=mas.

(Top, right) No Christmas legends are stranger than those of Mexico and no one ever had so much fun as Lupe Velez did. (Above, center) Paul Lukas says that in Hungary he used to eat too much! (Above) When his thoughts turn back to Christmas in Ireland, George Brent lights a peat fire to keep alive some of life's dearest memories.

gay parties, I hope to be able to hold open house this year and see how jolly a time I can stir up."

"The holiday season always takes me back to Merrie England, in spirit if not in body!" exclaimed Ronald Colman. "Those memories of my boyhood, I think, are the happiest anyone could experience. There was the gathering of mistletoe, the finding of the best Yule log. An impressive part of the English Christmas is the moment when this huge log is dragged into the fireplace and lighted with a splinter from last year's log.

"How well, too, I can hear those delightful English carol singers, going from door to door, street to street, singing at the top of their vibrant young voices! How beautiful their carols—in the stillness of the London night! 'God rest you, merrie gentlemen, let nothing you dismay: Remember Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day!'

"A Yuletide in Britain is a wondrous thing, but any Christmas anywhere can be wondrous if one but carries the emotion in his heart. My Christmas dinner this year will be, as always, very English in flavour. There will be the plum pudding, a Yorkshire pudding and, of course, the roast beef! I hope to entertain a few friends with a midnight buffet supper on Noel Eve, and probably will engage a few singers to render carols. If I cannot spend Christmas in my native land, then I regularly do the next best thing and try to bring a bit of England to Hollywood to spend Christmas!"

Other "Englishers" will gather at the home of Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel for a Yule dinner. It's to be American in style, except that Una O'Connor, a guest, is planning on having brandy burning on the plum pudding, in the good old-fashioned British way. Miss O'Connor reveals, incidentally, that she has discarded the English custom of wrapping presents in brown paper and twine, for the American style, which is gayer and brighter.

"Christmas in Germany!" sighs Marlene Dietrich, whenever the holiday season comes. "Ah, what a glad time—what cheer and good will. Although I may never return to my fatherland, I shall never forget the German Yuletide festival which opens on the Eve of St. Nicholas Day, December 6, and the merry-making continues until after the 25th. Weinacht or Christmas Eve is in some places celebrated as a feast occasion and the children receive presents at this time. In other parts of Germany, it is a time for fasting, for animals as well as humans.

"At midnight those who can attend Mass and the superstitious insist that the animals, too, kneel at this Holy Hour! There are even certain sections of the German Alps where the peasants believe animals are blessed with the power of speech for a few minutes on every Christmas Eve, but—as it is considered a terrible sin to listen, no one, apparently, has ever investigated the matter!

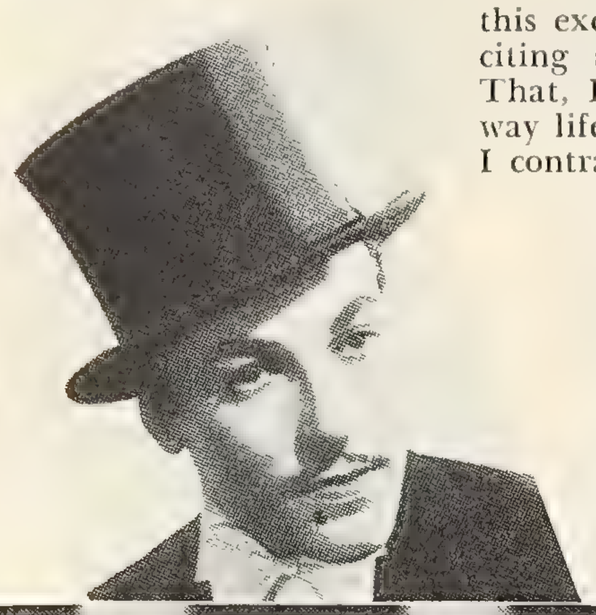
"Christmas trees abound in Germany. You know, it was Martin Luther who first introduced to us the tree—he is thought to have been taking a lonely walk through the woods when he imagined the fir trees all adorned with stars—and the Christmas tree is supposed to be his dream come true! About every home in Germany has a tree, and hospitals and prisons are well supplied. Even those who have passed on to another world aren't forgotten, and tiny candle-lit trees glow above their graves! A good many of the toys and knick-knacks you see in the big department stores are made in Germany and some of those old toy-makers look just like old St. Nick himself as they sing and work at the same time before their huge work benches, shaping all sorts of amazing toys for the little ones.

"There are many tempting things to eat at the average German Christmas Day dinner, including roast pig, pfeffer kuchen (cake), fish patties, noodles, fruits, home-made wines and marzipan, those delicacies made from chopped almond [*Continued on page* 72]

The Broadway Columnist Has Made Remarkable Discoveries In The Purlieu Of Pictures. Seeking Super-Souls, Ed Found Only Human Beings:

I HAVE been deceived, grossly. I have been flim-flammed. And I propose now to strike back and mortally wound those magazine writers who betrayed my confidence. Let me tell you a sad story, ladies and gentlemen, a story that will bring tears to your eyes, and oaths to your lips; the story of a Broadway columnist who had to travel to Hollywood to learn that you can't believe what you read in the papers.

I had read, in a magazine back east, that Carole Lombard was so full of the joy and elixir of life that she resented nightfall. Her resentment, the writer pointed out, was due to the fact that Miss Lombard loved to get up at six o'clock every morning, rush to the stables and select a spirited mount, gallop until seven, returning then to the swimming pool for a thirty-minute swim before sitting down at the breakfast table for a slice of toast, half a grapefruit and a glass of milk.



To a Broadway columnist, this exciting picture of an exciting star was spell-binding. That, I said to myself, is the way life should be lived. Sadly I contrasted my own wretched existence with the Lombard plan; getting up at 3 P.M., patrolling the Broadway beat until 4 A.M. the next morning, missing the sun and the fresh air that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to the constitution of every citizen. So when he got to Hollywood, your reporter made a beeline for the "True Confessions" set where Miss Lombard was emoting with Fred MacMurray. Somewhat dubiously I surveyed her. Was it possible that this tiny feminine creature tamed lively horses, and swam for thirty minutes at a stretch? But as these doubts assailed me, I remembered that I'd read it in the papers and the fan magazines, and certainly they uttered nothing but truth in their columns.

So Sullivan, the next morning, left a call for 5 A.M. at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. And at 5:30 A.M., I was dressed in a V-necked sweater, a pair of riding breeches from Saks Fifth Avenue Store, a pair of boots and a heavy pair of riding gloves. The hotel doorman looked at me curiously when the garage attendant brought up my car, a roadster. "Are you making a western picture, Mr. Sullivan?" he asked civilly. I shook my head: "Thought I'd go out and take a brisk canter this morning," I explained. "Where do all the stars go riding—what's the favorite bridle path?" The doorman started grinning: "Say, the only exercise they do is to paste their clippings in scrapbooks," he said.

Dismissing him as nothing but a heckler, perhaps even a Communist, I rolled away from the hotel and started for Carole Lombard's home. Arriving there, I seated myself on the porch to wait for her appearance. For fifteen minutes I waited, and then the horrible truth sank in. I'd missed her. The magazine article had said she got up every morning at 6 o'clock, and here it was almost 6:25. Hastily I jumped back into the car and pointed it toward Beverly Glenn. She would be there, or perhaps I'd find her galloping through Topango Pass, her hair flying in the wind, her cheeks stung to color by the wind.

Not a sound stirred the echoes of Topango Pass or Beverly Glenn. Cupping my hands to mouth, I hallooed, as they do in the Swiss Alps. No result. I remembered an Indian picture which had been shown at the Port Chester nickolodeon in my youth. The Indian scouts, to hear horses galloping, put their ears to the ground to detect the vibration of hoofs, at a distance. Perhaps Carole was in the distance. I adjusted the brakes, climbed out of

(Top) He's the best dancer in any ballroom and, when Ceasar Romero teams up for a tango with Loretta Young, it's the peak of the party. (Above) The misquoted Dolores Del Rio. (Right) Fred Astaire knows all the steps including the way to walk away from an ill-bred interviewer. (Next) Sullivan went to Katharine Hepburn's set, and heard her pals call her "Katie." (Top, right) Mae West figured out it was time someone made a screen character with a lust for life, and that to laugh with gusto was wholesome. And she made it pay.

By
Ed Sullivan

Don't Believe It

the car and knelt in the road, car flattened to the ground. To my amazed delight, the trick worked. Sure enough, I could hear the noise of hoofs far, far away. Suddenly, too, a voice shouted: "Hey, you, get up out of there." A farmer, his cart loaded with tomatoes, was staring at me over the top of his horse's head. He had come around the mountain bend with his horse and wagon, and those were the hoofs I'd heard.

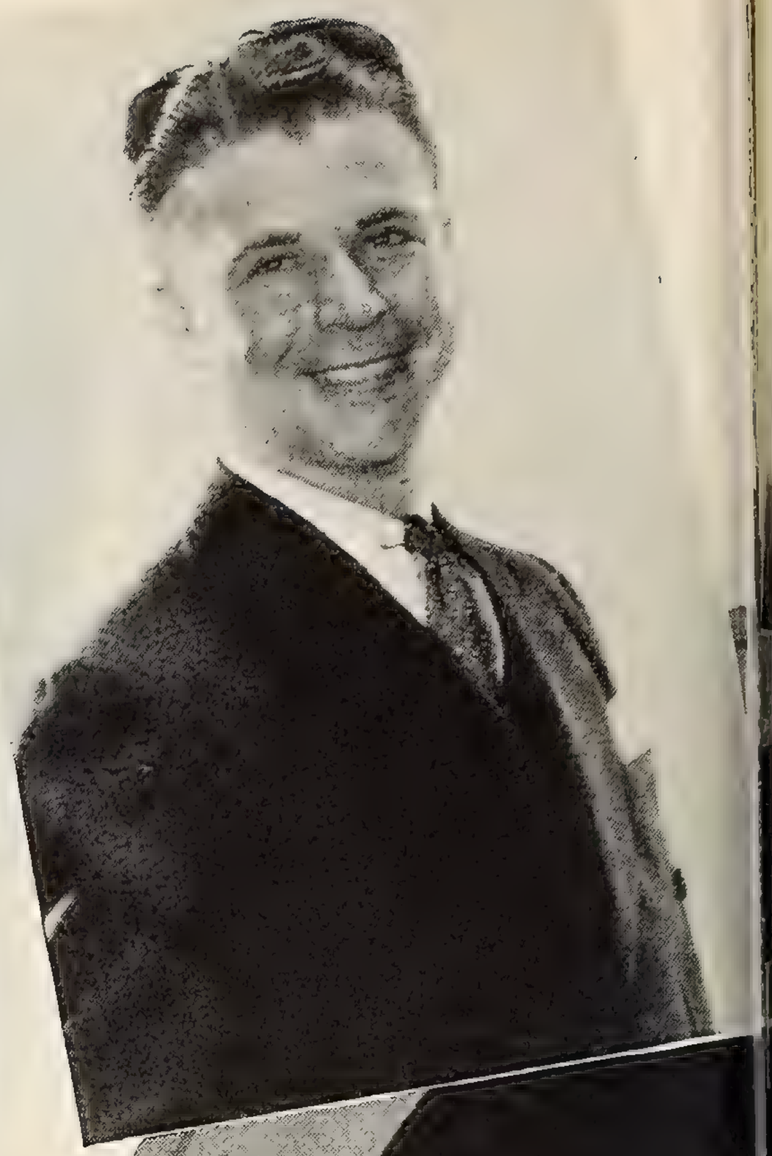
Shamefacedly, I withdrew from my awkward position, and he chirruped loudly to his nag and drove past, still looking at me with the greatest suspicion. He was looking back at me when another curve blocked him from view. I was afraid to guess at what he was thinking, but luckily my New York license plates were visible. You can do almost anything out here with New York license plates on your car; they figure New Yorkers are just naturally daffy, I guess.

I drove back to the Lombard residence. Perhaps she'd returned and was in the swimming pool, thrashing about in the cold water as the magazine writer had said. I wandered back to the swimming pool, and Shock No. 2 arrived. There was no water in it. A Filipino gardener looked up impassively from his gardening: "What time does Miss Lombard go swimming?" I asked him politely. No answer. So I resorted to pigeon-English and made motions with my hands to illustrate. "Miss Lombard, so far as I know, doesn't know how to swim" this amazing person said. "The pool is only for her guests." Now I was sawing the air: "I thought you didn't understand English?" I said lamely. "I won an LL.D. at Southern California," he said, and returned to the trimming of an avocado tree.

So your reporter quit, got back in his car in disgust. The stories about those 6 A.M. canters (not Eddie) was the bunk then. So, too, were the stories about the gay abandon of the swimming pool. Probably if I'd stayed for breakfast, I'd find her, instead of dieting, cutting up a steak. Yes, indeed, it was all very bewildering.

Loretta Young had prepared me for disillusion. Sitting with her and Director Walter Lang in the ornate 20th Century-Fox bungalow set aside for her use, at lunch the day previous, she had been telling me how she prepared for the day's work before the cameras. Loretta explained how she curled the front of her hair, while the maid curled the back of it before going under the dryer: "I suppose while you're in the dryer you read and memorize the script," I said. Miss Young turned up her lovely nose: "I should, but I don't," she said gaily. "I prefer to read a book." Director Lang nodded: "You're telling me," he said, succinctly.

Or the interview with Dolores Del Rio should have warned me that [*Continued on page* 70]



Spencer Tracy shares his pay envelope and, like Loretta Young and Dick Powell, finds that success in pictures is big enough to go 'round.

Back Of The Sc
Lives An A
Of Helpers

By Maude Cheatha

THE Hollywood game is exciting, exacting and often dangerous. It's a turbulent journey to the top and even the most gifted actors and actresses need specialists to help them. Almost every star gives grateful credit to some manager, secretary, or perhaps, a hairdresser, for carrying them over the hurdles to success.

Being pounded into shape by Donald Loomis, physical instructor of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, was the most important factor in Robert Taylor's meteoric flight to film success.

An odd quirk may scoot one into Hollywood's fatal oblivion and Bob must sometimes ask himself just where he would be today if Loomis hadn't grasped him firmly by his thin shoulders and remodeled him into the hero-physique. The camera's edict is that even with a perfect profile a man can't be romantic if he is too thin. Or too fat. The male glamour is measured by girth.

Handsome, and with ingratiating charm, Bob's looks insistently cast him as the romantic hero but he was thin and scrawny, lacking that vibrant personality that heroines crave, on and off the screen. So, the MGM powers-that-be hastily sent him to Donald Loomis with instructions to do his stuff.

"Bob had never gone in for strenuous athletics and was underweight and soft," Loomis told me. "So, I put him on a rigid diet and exercise schedule. He was eager to follow every suggestion and within two weeks there was a noticeable improvement and he became so interested that he turned the guest room of his bachelor home into a fully equipped gymnasium, where he spends much time.

"He gained twenty pounds, and I put six inches of muscle on his chest, two inches on his arms and two on his neck. Now, he's a husky he-man, in better health and with twice the energy and endurance he ever had. Our reward, the final O.K. for our work, was when Garbo requested that Bob Taylor be her *Armand* in 'Camille.' That was the ultimate of glamorous selection!"

For nine years, Lucille de Antoine has been Loretta Young's second self.

They met that eventful day when the thirteen-year-old Loretta crashed the studio and convinced Director Mervy LeRoy she could pinch-hit for her sister Polly Ann in "Naughty but Nice." At the time, Lucille was Colleen Moore's hairdresser, but watching the goggly-eyed kid trying to act grown-up, she took Loretta under her wing—and there she's been ever since. A veteran of the studios, she taught her charge the ins and outs of this magic world. She sees that her hair, make-up, costumes are right, coaches her in acting and dialogue, and she's been on every set of every picture Loretta has made.

Unassuming, Lucille prefers the background, and while she draws her salary from Loretta as hairdresser, Loretta consults her on everything from contracts, roles, the tilt of her new hat, even about dates with the boy friends. Through the years of her growing up, Lucille's judgment and watchfulness have played a most important part in carrying Loretta to success as one of the brightest of the Twentieth Century-Fox stars.

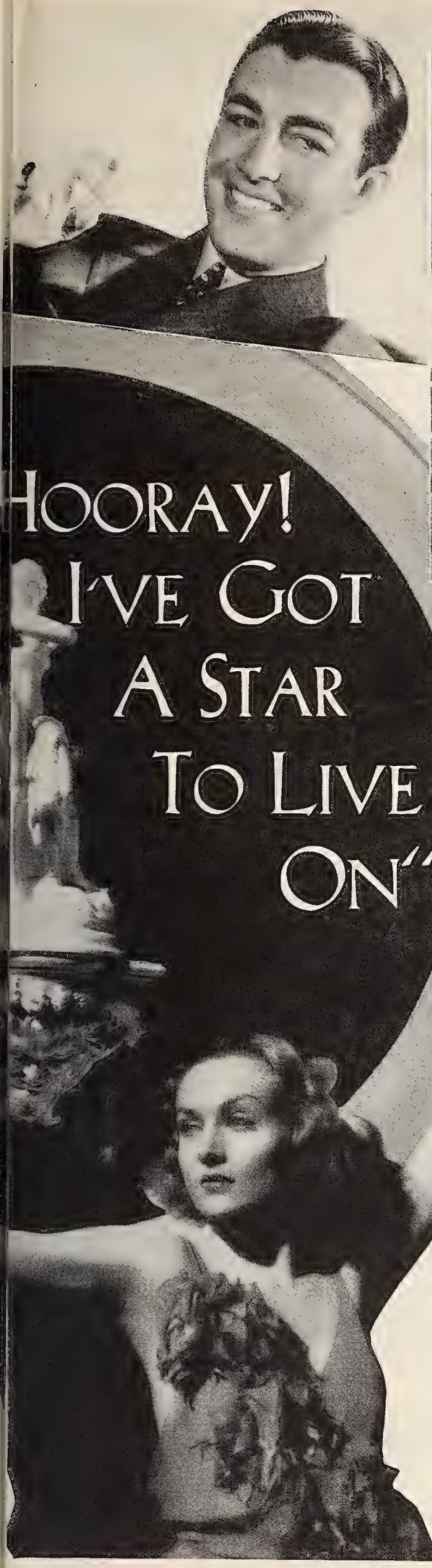
Said Loretta, "Not only is Lucille my most intimate friend but she's my best critic, she tells me the unvarnished truth, never flatters. She knows exactly what I should do and I can tell by the expression on her face how a scene went over; whether I should do it again or if it is okay. I couldn't do without her guidance, she is very wise!"

Dick Powell's career has been pushed ahead by Mike Levee, well-known Hollywood artists' representative.

Said Mr. Levee, as we talked in his office, "Dick is a talented artist; also, a shrewd business man, but he hasn't the time nor the experience to cope with the complex angles of managing his own career. He is too wise to attempt it for he realizes it is a business for an expert.

"Steering a film career to success requires an expert; there's no other line of work like it. It takes a thorough knowledge of the intricate phrases involved in securing a job, negotiating a contract advantageous to all concerned, side stepping pitfalls and insidious dangers that spell ruin, and protection from multitudinous demands, real and phony, that come from every source one can think of.

"When I saw Dick in 'Forty-Second Street' I knew he was a star with outstanding personality and should have only the best material. At a psychological moment, I decided a fling on the radio would be wise so I secured a nice spot for him with 'Hollywood Hotel.' He was a sensation, his popularity soared, and his salary jumped to three times what it had been. Then he signed with Warner Brothers exclusively, for films and radio, and not only stars in good pictures but takes first place in their new radio-film Saturday broadcast, 'Your



The career of Robert Taylor wavered in the balance until a stranger opened the shining gate to fame. Franciska Gaal found a helping hand, although all Hollywood was new to her. Warren William (above) will not take the credit for his success.

Movieland Parade.'

"Dick has the goods and it is up to me to sell him to the best advantage. We agree on a policy, then he turns the entire matter over to me. Everything attached to this dream-world of motion pictures has its practical side and while it's the most thrilling and exciting game in the world, it's the trickiest; every step must be guarded."

Josephine Dillon Gable, Hollywood's famous voice coach, made it possible for Hungarian Franciska Gaal to step into the leading feminine role of Cecil De Mille's spectacle, "The Buccaneer" for her first American picture. Without this aid, her career could not have been so auspiciously launched.

"We began from scratch," smilingly explained Mrs. Gable. "Franciska didn't know a word of English but she has an eager mind and a fine intelligence, and it is amazing how thoroughly she mastered our language, leaving but the slightest accent. She's emotional and high-strung, and this threw her voice too high so that it failed to express her personality. I taught her to develop the muscles that lowered it to the proper speaking key, also, inflection, tone line, and how to make and keep her voice pliant so it would reflect all the varying emotions. She was perfect in every word of dialogue before she started her picture and I doubt if any foreign star was ever so well equipped.

"Franciska is a most exciting person—the gay, ingenue type, sparkling and softly feminine. Most of our ingenues are sophisticated, brittle and wise-cracking, and I predict she'll be a tremendous sensation.

"The requirements in making a motion picture is different from any other mode of speaking, it is a question of understanding the mechanism of the voice and its relation to the machinery of the microphone. I put Miss Gaal through a thorough training because I firmly believe the *voice is the personality of the screen!*"

There's Spencer Tracy. He wouldn't know what to do if brother Carroll wasn't on hand to take care of him and his affairs.

Grinning, Spencer told me, "All his life he's specialized in getting me out of scrapes. When I sent the family into tears by running away and joining the navy during the World War, Carroll merely gave me a dirty look and joined the navy, too, to look after his brat brother. When I had a chance at Hollywood, he put his own business aside and came with me as manager, agent, and all around grand guy. He's the best friend a fellow ever had. I never could have piloted my bark in this crazy business, I'd have been sunk in a month. You see, I'm impractical, business is Greek to me, but Carroll is level-headed and smart, he keeps my contracts straight, takes care of the money, gives me an allowance, and everything is swell.

"Yes, I'm lucky. I'd never be where I am without Carroll. But listen, it's Louise who really made me. All that's good is hers, the bad is on my neck. When we married, she was a big stage star, popular on Broadway, but when we came to Hollywood, Louise gave that all up to be wife and mother, saying one actor in the family was enough. That was a fine gesture and I appreciate it."

[*Continued on page* 68]

When the day is ended, Carole Lombard talks it all over with the girl who steers her career.

TYRONE POWER

They do not award Olympic Championships for throwing and holding Tyrone. Anyway, Sonja would qualify.

TYRONE POWER is a dynamic, high-strung, fidgety young man who possesses a rare charm and the very happy faculty of being able to explain away anything with the greatest of ease. He can explain away Sonja to Janet, and he can explain away Janet to Sonja—he didn't take that quick trip to New York recently to see Janet, of course not (of course not, *my eye*)—and with a pleasant smile he can explain away *both* Sonja and Janet to Loretta Young. He once explained away Dixie Dunbar so definitely at a party that she had to be taken home by another man.

At the age of seven he explained away religion to his complete satisfaction, and, I may add, to mine too. The Power children were very well brought up and every night when Tyrone and little Ann, who was sixteen months younger than her brother, were tucked away in their nursery beds the nurse would read a chapter of the Bible to them. Ann was a very calm, quiet child, a bit on the phlegmatic side, and in direct contrast to her nervous, excitable brother. One night when the nurse had finished reading the Twenty-Third Psalm and turned out the lights Ann awoke Tyrone from a heavy sleep by asking, "What does it mean 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want?" Tyrone erupted from his sheets. "It means," he shouted none too spiritually, "that you may not get all you want, but the Lord will give you what you need. Shut up and go to sleep." Such a stupid child thought Tyrone. He wanted to shake her. Instead he snipped off her curls while she slept. Somehow he couldn't explain those demolished curls to his mother's complete satisfaction the next morning. He said a big black man with horns came in during the night. His mother said that the big black man with horns was named Tyrone, and went into action.

Ever since "Lloyd's of London" broke upon a susceptible world in the fall of 1936 women have been mad for Tyrone Power. That smile, those romantic eyes with the long thick lashes (quite the longest and thickest to be found in Hollywood, outside of Dietrich's make-up box) do something to them. And Darryl Zanuck, ever eager to please the ladies, and don't say you don't know why, has put Tyrone into one picture right after another, the last being "Second Honeymoon" with Loretta Young.

If any young man has the right to say "Move over" to the Messieurs Gable and Taylor it is Tyrone, for they do say that his popularity with the fans is simply terrific. But success hasn't gone to the Power head, for the Power head is much too absorbed these days in work and love, and when Tyrone says, "Move over" it will not be to a couple of movie idols but to a couple of pretty gals. And here's a tip, you romantics, if the famous screen actor, Tyrone Power, ever asks you for a date—and it's highly probable, as he does get around—don't keep him waiting, for he is decidedly the impatient type and if there's anything he hates it's to be kept waiting. "Though I ought to be used to it by now," he says, "I'm one of those dreary people who's always on time and I've spent half my life waiting for people."

His mother, the lovely and talented Patia Power, had a little habit in those old days in Cincinnati, before the Powers could afford a chauffeur, that simply drove Tyrone into a fine fury. "I lived in dread of the mornings that my mother would come down to breakfast and say, 'Dear, I want you to drive me into town today. I want to do some shopping.'

"I would drive her up to the department store on a crowded street with not a parking

(In circle) Loretta Young and our hero. This is just a cold, meaningless clinch for "Second Honeymoon," his new picture. (Right, above) The babies are Tyrone and his sister, Ann, photographed in 1917.

PROJECTIONS

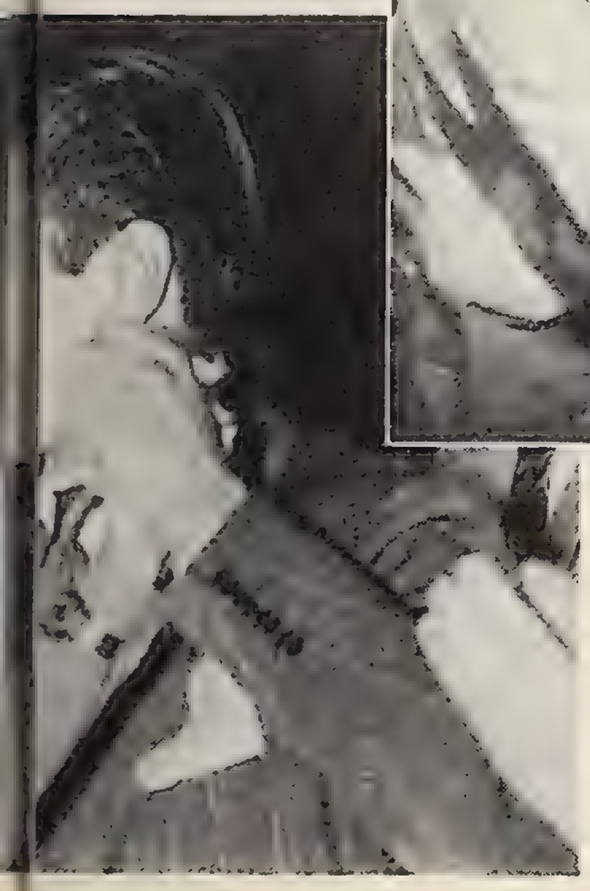
By Elizabeth Wilson

place for miles around and she would gaily say, 'Wait here, I'll only be gone a minute.' Well, naturally, with everybody honking at me I'd have to move on so I'd drive slowly as possible around the block, but on my return there'd be no mother. Then I would drive around two blocks, then three blocks, then four blocks, but still no mother. By that time I was fit to be tied, and so mad I could almost explode. 'I'll let her wait,' I'd say to myself, and drive furiously out towards the suburbs for an hour or so. Then, thinking I'd punished her enough, I'd drive slowly back to the department store, and there would be mother just coming out of the front door smiling sweetly and quite unconcerned about it all."

Tyrone hates to be questioned about his personal life, so don't ever ask him, "Where were you last night? What did you do?" He'll shut up on you like the well-known clam. He doesn't especially like dancing but he doesn't at all mind dressing up of an evening and going for a round of the night spots, particularly with a pretty and attractive girl. His favorite flower is the white carnation but if he is taking you to a premiere or a party he will very likely send orchids, very beautiful orchids. And if someone rushes up to him at the theatre or club and greets him most cordially and Tyrone chats away with him a mile a minute without introducing you, don't think he is just being a rude young man—heavens no, he has either forgotten the young man's name, or your name, and is fighting a desperate battle with his memory while he suffers the tortures of the damned. This name forgetting is one of his worst faults. He has tried terribly hard to overcome it. He knows your name is Susie Smith. He has known you well for three years. He knows the color of your eyes and of your nail polish. But the minute someone pops up unexpectedly and he has to introduce you your name passes entirely out of his mind. You can well imagine how embarrassing that is for a young actor.

At the premiere of "Wee Willie Winkle" Tyrone acted as master of ceremonies and for hours before arriving at the theatre kept repeating the names of the cast whom he would later have to introduce to the audience. How horrible if he should forget Shirley Temple! Well, to make a long story short, he got through Shirley Temple, Victor McLaglen and June Lang okay, but Cesar Romero threw him. Just as there was about to be an awkward pause, he remembered, covered up beautifully, gave Mr. Romero to his public, and practically collapsed from fright. He never calls you by the wrong name, he simply doesn't call you at all.

Tyrone loathes conversation before breakfast. He wakes up happy enough but he just doesn't feel like talking until he has been up for an hour or so. He has to have eight hours sleep, if he has less he is fussy, if he has more he is dull. He doesn't like a well-ordered house, he likes unexpected things to happen, and they usually do. He lives with his mother, though at present she is visiting his sister Ann, who is now Mrs. Leslie Tyrer and lives in Honolulu. The telephone rings day and night. The phone pad in the Power home is covered with little signs like ç that don't mean a thing to Tyrone, nor to me, but might mean something to a psychoanalyst if you want to call one in. Ever since he was a kid he has unconsciously made those funny little symbols when he gets a pencil in his hand. He doesn't know why.



Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power dancing in New York. (Above, right) The Power smile, and (above) Tyrone and Alice Brady in a scene from "In Old Chicago."

(International)

He loves gags and ribs, and, aided and abetted by Don Ameche, another ribber de luxe, he made the set of "In Old Chicago" more or less of a madhouse. Poor Alice Faye never knew whether her chair was going to break under her, her cigarette was going to explode, her grease paint was going to turn out to be anchovy paste or what—no wonder Alice was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

When he hears a good story Tyrone [*Continued on page* 56]

Camera Hunting the "Big Names." The Sport That Knows No Game Laws.

By Jerome Zerbe

AT ELEVEN o'clock any night the night clubs of New York are fairly quiet, but by eleven-twenty the theatres are out and then the places are a pandemonium. Crowds of lovely women in expensive ankle length coats of silver fox and ermine, glittering with jewels, jam the doorways and lobbies while their white-tied escorts try to wangle tables. For the next two hours the clubs are packed and those who don't dress are given inconspicuous back tables. One such night I spied Nino Martini and Elissa Landi, who, while an excellent actress, should also always be remembered as the granddaughter of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the tragedy of whose only son's life is the story of Meyerling. However, the minute the headwaiter saw the flash of my camera, found out who they were, in street clothes or not, they were given one of the best tables in the crowded room.

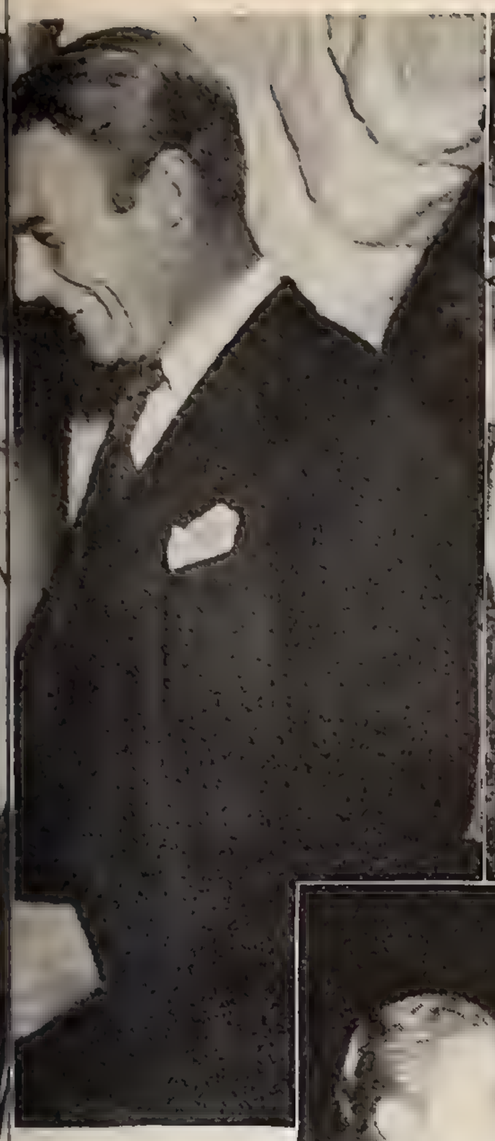
(Center, above) a gentleman without the jitters. Robert Montgomery joins the night life New Yorkers. (Left, above) The smoker, Sylvia Sidney, home for a holiday. (Left) Nino Martini accompanies Elissa Landi to a supper club. (Below, left) Mary Carlisle on her own Hollywood balcony combing her hair. Note her sport socks—out to dry. (Below) Carole Lombard and the author being photographed by his own camera.

Who wouldn't like to be photographed with Carole Lombard? Well, one day, when I had been taking photos of her down on the ranch, I asked her if she'd pose with me. Her hearty laugh said yes and so I gave my camera to Paramount's ace still man, Don English, who took the picture you see. I drove, almost immediately, back into town and left Carole in the heat of the valley to pose for the studio's cameras the remainder of that hot, sunny afternoon.

Bryn Strandenaes, the well-known portrait painter, called one morning to say Gloria Swanson was posing after lunch for her portrait and would I come along and shoot her. I found Gloria all sniffles and kleenex and feeling miserable. Her maid, with a cup of hot tea, hovered solicitously nearby. Occasionally she'd get up and pose for the painting, which is really superb, but more often she curled up as you see her here. It was a chill autumn day and a fire blazed in the great studio fireplace. Hot crumpets and cold meats were served with tea, the work of painting was for the moment forgotten and between nose-blows Gloria talked of her hopes and plans for the future. Gloria has never looked lovelier and everyone is hoping that Columbia will find a grand come-back picture for her.

"When bridesgrooms meet" might well be the title for the photo of Gene Ray-

FLASH



ar from home, andolph Scott nd Mary Brian eet in a New ork oasis. (Above, center) enevieve Tobin nd Joseph J. 'Donohue IV –a one drink arty. (Right) When one husand greets another. Gene aymond and Buddy Rogers.

mond and Buddy Rogers. What were they talking about and what thoughts were in their minds? Both have had some success in the movies, both have but recently married two of the most beautiful and famous women in the industry, and both have done so against odds.

In Hollywood it's an open secret that Gene Raymond's adoring mother resented his marriage, not because she objected to lovely Miss MacDonald, but because it would keep them separated just that much more. In spite of the beautiful house he gave her, she never gave in and wouldn't even go to the wedding, and only Gene's intimate friends knew how badly he felt.

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have been in love for years and everyone was sure that some day they would be married, but one echo of the past stood between them—"Pickfair," which Mary had built and loved, where she had reigned as undisputed queen of Hollywood and where later she had known disappointment and unhappiness. Buddy felt that together they should begin again with new surroundings and, at long last, Buddy won out and they were married. "Pickfair" is closed and for sale, and Mary is looking fresher and happier and even more gracious than in

[*Continued on page* 72]

Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett. The producer and his star.

(Top) Gloria Swanson drops all swank and registers "take it or leave it." (Middle) The designer fixes Grace Moore's sleeve before the camera can see it. Dorothy Mackaill at right.

SHOTS OF THE FAMOUS

DARLING OF THE ICE

By Leon Surmelian

She is a champion who has conquered the imaginations of the screen fans. Her impish eyes, dimples and (thanks to her skates) her pretty legs, all testify to the joy of life and to the happiness of a champion.

The Girl-On-The-Cover Has Already Placed The Name "Sonja Henie" High Above All Others.

WE HAD a luncheon engagement with Miss Henie at 12 o'clock in the studio restaurant, and having misplaced the keys of our car, arrived twenty minutes late. Now, it has been our sad experience in many years of movie reporting that the darlings of the screen are seldom on time for luncheon engagements, and we thought she would leave the set around one o'clock, and so were not worried.

But great was our journalistic consternation when the studio official who deals with representatives of the press informed us that Miss Henie had been waiting for us since 12. We made the mistake of thinking of the blonde and dimpled princess of the silver skates as being another cinemactress. You can't win three Olympic titles in a row without observing sundry rules and regulations of sportsmanship. Even a casual acquaintance with her will convince you that Miss Henie is first of all a sportsman, considerate and unfailingly punctual. Twelve o'clock means 12 o'clock to her, and not 12:05.

She accepted our apologies most graciously. We found her the same Sonja Henie we had marveled at on the screen, only prettier. She wore the charming costume of her native Norway, and impressed us like a clear, crisp sunny day of midwinter in her native countryside, of which we cherish certain mental images derived from the novels of Knut Hamsun. "We are doing a Norwegian sequence today," she explained with a twinkle in her lively brown eyes. They are extraordinarily alert eyes, and sparkle with a healthy, outdoor vigor. "I was in Norway this summer," she continued, "and everybody there wanted to see me wearing our national costume on the screen. Don't you think I have a swell outfit on?"

Her command of our vernacular is amazing. "Where did you learn to speak English so well?" we asked her.

"In this country," she said. Her English is well nigh perfect, with hardly a trace of foreign accent. "Swell," "okay," and other stand-byes of the Hollywood vulgate bob up in her rapid-fire speech with delightful frequency.

Don Ameche, the romantic hero in her new picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, sat at a table nearby, and a crossfire of repartee passed constantly between them in the best American style. "I'm developing an American sense of humor!" she laughed. "At first I believed everything they told me. I believed them when they said black is white. But now they can't kid me any more!" We assure you she will be a dangerous foe in any kidding contest.

She had her favorite salad, a slice of pineapple with shredded carrot, as the main course of her luncheon, and topped it off with a fruit compote. "When I skate," she said, "my luncheon consists of beef bouillon with two raw eggs broken in it. I like lamb chops or fowl, especially turkey, for dinner. I don't diet. I eat when and what I please. My weight never varies."

We were curious to know how she won her third Olympic title in 1936, whether the judges awarded her the title because of some particularly difficult feat she performed on skates.

"They choose the winners on points," she explained. "First, you have the compulsory classic figures to perform. There are about 80 of these, and you never know until the last moment which figures you'll be required to execute. These compulsory figures have been established by the leading figure-skaters of the past, and never change. Then, you have to give an exhibition of free skating, figures and movements which you have created yourself. They give you only four minutes to show them everything you've got. At Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, where the figure-skating competition of the 1936 Olympic Games took place, I defended my title against 22 of the world's best skaters, representing 12 countries. The judges scored my performance at 436.6 points. My closest rival was Miss Cecilia Colledge of England, whose final score, I believe was 418.8. I had to give the best exhibition of my career to beat her."

A scene from "Happy Landing." Sonja and her supporting players, Jean Hersholt, Don Ameche and Cesar Romero.

"What's the most difficult thing you have done on skates?" we inquired.

"Figure-skating for the screen is the hardest of all because you have to hit certain marks and always be within the range of the camera. You don't have the freedom you enjoy on skating rinks elsewhere."

"Do you create your own figures?"

"Of course. I make up all my dance numbers. Figure-skating is nothing but dancing on ice. I have a wonderful dance director to work with, Harry Losee. I first outline on paper what I want to do, and then talk it over with him. He knows everything about camera angles."

Sonja's feet on ice have the same precision and æsthetic feeling as Paderewski's fingers on the keyboard of a piano. It would be a mistake to call her skating a sport. It's a fine art. She is the world's greatest ballerina on ice, and she considers herself a dancer. She has the artist's passion for constant perfection. She practiced the common toe whirl three years before she considered herself ready to attempt it in public. "I saw faults in my first picture which I corrected in 'Thin Ice,' and saw faults in 'Thin Ice' which I'll try to correct in my new picture. Other people don't see them, but I do!"

Tastes in legs might differ, but we believe the title of the most beautiful legs on the screen must be taken from Marlene Dietrich and given to Sonja Henie. How does she keep her legs in such good shape? They have no knotty muscles, so distressingly common among athletic females. They are as nice, plump and smooth as a baby's. Cautiously we inquired about the secret of their lovely perfection. Does she massage them? "No, I don't," she asserted. "I never do anything to my legs. I don't practice more than two or three hours at a time, and that's maybe why I haven't developed ugly muscles. I usually practice two hours in the morning, and two hours late in the afternoon."

"What's your advice to beginning skaters who want to be champions?"

"Everybody can learn how to skate after a little practice. I learned it in one season, when I was seven years old. You don't have to know any complicated turns to enjoy figure skating. But talent and constant practice are necessary if you want to gain real skill. Isn't it the same in every art? Can one be a successful writer without talent and hard work? I strongly advise beginners to study ballet dancing, because figure skating and ballet dancing have much in common. I began to take dancing lessons when I was four years old. I went to a ballet school in Oslo, and later, when I was 18 years old, I studied the Russian ballet in London, under Mme. Karsavina."

It was in London she perfected her brilliant interpretation of the Dying Swan of Saint-Saëns as a dance on ice—the most famous number of her repertoire. Her performance in London's Ice Palace drew a command show for King George and Queen Mary, and the then Prince of Wales also attended. She has given command performances for the Kings of Sweden and Belgium, and, of course, King Haakon VII of Norway, who is one of her most ardent admirers.

"Why haven't you performed your Dying Swan number on the screen?" we asked her.

"There was too much skating in my first two pictures," she said, smiling with her dimples, "and this time it doesn't fit in the story. Maybe I'll do it in my next picture."

Too much skating? Why, there wasn't enough! We protested to her, and herewith we protest publicly.

"And what would be your advice to beginners in skiing?" was the next question in our list, scribbled on the back of an envelope.

"Oh, I love skiing!" she exclaimed. "I enjoy it more than anything else. Everybody in Norway skis. I started skiing when I was four or five years old, two or three years before I started skating. Skiing is more than a sport in Norway; it's a means of traveling over snow. Norwegian children grow up on skis. They play on them, go to school on them. I learned skiing without the use of poles, and I think that's the correct way of learning it. Poles destroy self-confidence in the beginner. He must learn to stand on his own feet, without any support. Later, when he becomes something of an expert, he can use poles, as they have their own uses."

By now she had finished her fruit compote, and we our chocolate pie, and she had to hurry back to the set of "Happy Landing." which is the fourth or fifth title of her new picture, and in all probability will be changed five times more before this story is printed. The interview was resumed on the set.

The Twentieth Century-Fox studio is the finest and most attractive physical plant for the production of film romance. Touring the permanent outdoor sets of this studio is like taking a trip around the world. There are characteristic sections of London, Paris, Stockholm, Bavarian towns, Budapest, Moscow, Cairo, Shanghai, and many other cities and countries of the world, reproduced with uncanny accuracy. A section of a Norwegian street was covered by a huge black tent for shooting a night sequence in "Happy Landing." A man with a red flag kept all unauthorized persons away, and a siren screamed its warning whenever shooting started.

Inside this nocturnal tent was a bit of recreated Norway in midwinter. Snow—of the Hollywood variety, a mixture of gypsum and salt—lay deep on the ground. A bevy of comely blonde lassies in bright Norwegian costumes were dancing with the young bloods of the village to the spirited music of a native orchestra. The dancing platform was festooned around with swinging Japanese lamps.

"This is the annual Brides' Fair," Sonja said, "when the young men choose and woo their future wives. If a young man dances twice with the same girl, it means he has proposed to her."

Don Ameche and Cesar Romero are a couple of Americans flying from New York to Paris in their own plane, when they are caught in a heavy fog and are forced down near a Norwegian village. Sonja leads them before her father, played by Jean Hersholt. We watch her introduce them to him on the porch of a building. She looks a simple Norwegian girl in her red headdress tied under her chin with a black ribbon, red jacket, white shawl, black skirt, black stockings and shoes, and not the most celebrated daughter of contemporary Norway, a reigning young queen in fashionable resorts, with real kings among her admirers.

"You come from America?" Hersholt asks the two leather-coated aviators in open-eyed wonder as his daughter presents them to him, with loving glances in Romero's direction. She takes him for the tall dark man a fortune teller told her she would marry. "They are millionaires!" Hersholt says to his curious kinsfolk on the porch.

In the costume of her native Norway, she smiles upon our interviewer without the slightest trace of shyness. Olympic skaters have to keep their balance!

"Quite a party you are having here," Romero comments. "Do you mind if I dance with your daughter?"

"Sure, go right ahead," Hersholt says heartily, and Sonja and Romero leave the porch arm in arm.

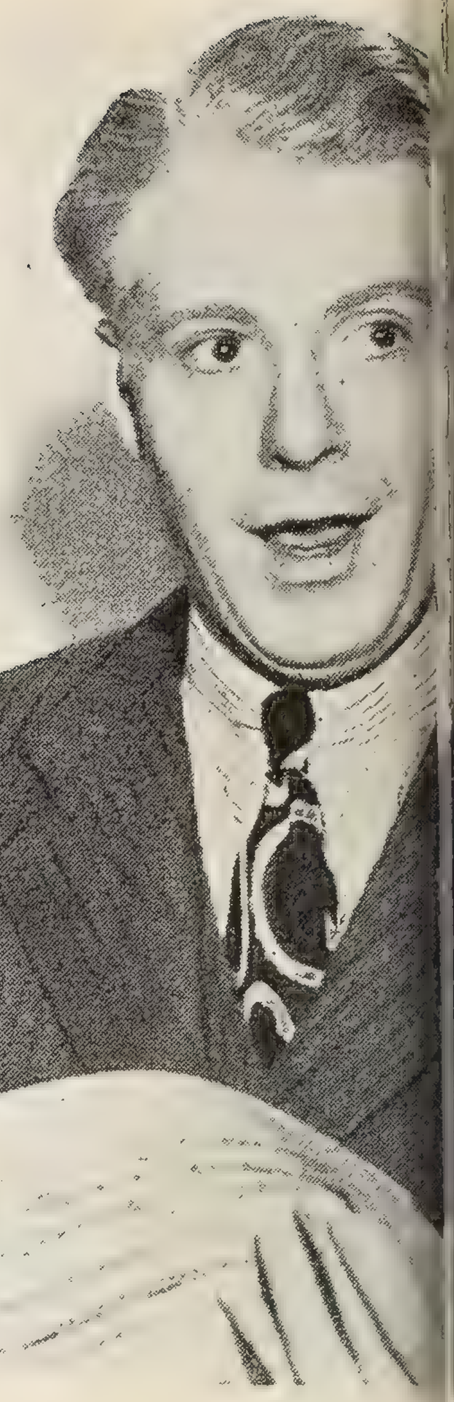
This scene was shot several times, and presently, profiting from an intermission, Sonja comes to our corner of the set, to shake hands with the visiting mayor of Copenhagen, who hands her his fountain pen, requesting her autograph. They are photographed together. The mayor leaves the set, beaming happily, and Sonja is free once more to answer our questions. But first she honors us by posing for a couple of photographs with us too.

PLUMS FROM THE AIR

The Movie Stars Find That Radio Pays With A Lavish Hand.

By

Radie Harris



FIVE years ago, when Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne arrived in Hollywood, to recreate their original Theatre Guild roles for the screen version of "The Guardsmen," they were paid $100,000 from the MGM coffers for their exclusive services.

"Of course, we would have taken less, but no one asked us to!" they confided later to their stage intimates.

In an analogous manner, this same amusing story could be told of any screen star earning a fabulous salary on the radio today.

To prove my point, let's turn back the calendar six years, when, I, as the original perpetrator of the idea of "giving Hollywood the air," introduced Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sylvia Sidney, Robert Montgomery, Irene Dunne, Grace Moore, Tallulah Bankhead, the late Jean Harlow and other high-powered names of equal marquee prominence, to that inanimate, terrifying object, known familiarly to a listening world as "mike."

For this ether debut each star received a bad case of jitters, a pick-me-up at "21" and my eternal gratitude—but not one penny to swell their own pockets or those of Uncle Sam.

Of course, the benefit derived from this greatest publicity medium in the world could not be measured in terms of money if you weren't commercial minded—and none of the players were at that time. It was inevitable that this innocent frame of mind would only last as long as some enterprising sponsor, with an unlimited budget, came along to reveal the gold to be found in them thar kilowatts.

P.S. He did!

It happened on April 8th, 1934, when the same clients who were sponsoring my program in the interests of a toothpaste that gave you "sparkling white teeth, firm gums, etc., etc., etc.," decided to launch another new product—this time a honey and almond cream that would transform the user into a dazzling beauty. And who could illustrate the worthiness of this magic preparation more effectively than the gorgeous, glamorous stars of Hollywood?

(Above) Frank Morgan, a screen favorite who has found the mike quite sympathetic. (Left) Edmund Lowe and the author as she plans the next broadcast.

The question is not rhetorical. It was answered in a thirty-eight weeks' series called "The Hall of Fame," with Katherine Hepburn, fresh from her Academy Award performance in "Morning Glory," to start it off.

It was Miss Hepburn's radio debut, and because she was the "hottest" name in Hollywood at the moment, it was considered quite a coup to get her. The sponsors, in their delight, offered her $5,000 for an eight-minute appearance in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Like Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Miss Hepburn would have taken less, had they offered it to her, but as long as they were willing to pay that much, they might just as well pay $500 more, and save her the ten per cent commission due her agent.

It didn't take long for the Hollywood grapevine to shout the news of "Katherine the Great's" "hawl" (of Fame)—and it took equally as short a time for the sponsors to realize their extravagant blunder. For the succeeding thirty-seven weeks every star who thought herself as important as la Hepburn (and I defy you to name one who didn't) demanded the same reimbursement.

Thus began the birth of big radio salaries that today reaches its apex in the $15,000 a week stipend garnered by Major Edward Bowes and his amateurs.

With practically every program on the air today featuring Hollywood talent as guest artists, there is scarcely a player of any prominence who has not been paid, and paid well, to talk into the microphone. Garbo, Shirley Temple and Simone Simon alone have withstood every tempting offer, but it is just a question of time when they, too, will succumb.

Perhaps the Rudy Vallee hour, more than any other commercially sponsored program, is responsible for the influx of Hollywood names to radio. Cecil B. DeMille made his ether debut on this program, so did Margaret Sullavan, Tyrone Power, Paul Muni, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Clark Gable, and innumerable others.

It was on this same variety show that Bob Burns and Edgar Bergen were first discovered and promoted to overnight fame and fortune. When Burns and his "bazooka" walked into the J. Walter Thompson office in

New York three years ago, and meekly asked for an audition, his name value as a radio draw was nil. But the boys in the agency—the real powers behind the micro-"throne"—sensed his potentialities and he was signed for one guest shot at $200.

Neither the agency, sponsors, Vallee or Burns himself were prepared for his sensational click. He "Burn"ed 'em up and knocked 'em cold! The result was a repeat spot for several successive weeks—and then off to Hollywood—a Paramount contract—and a regular commitment on the Bing Crosby Kraft Music Hall, with a

weekly salary check of $2500.

The Edgar Bergen success was equally as instantaneous in the skyrocketing results it brought to this heretofore struggling ventriloquist and his diminutive "local boy makes wood." The radio wisenheimers who had consistently turned him down because it was their contention that little dummies like Charlie McCarthy should be *seen* as well as heard, now vied with each other for his exclusive services.

It was a bright, unsung hero in the J. Walter Thompson office who foresaw the divine possibilities of pitting Charlie's impish sophistication against the whimsical humor of bulbous-nosed W. C. Fields. Their verbal bouts on the Chase and Sanborn program from coast to coast, every Sunday night, is one of the high spots of the air-

(At top) Nelson Eddy, filling your home with his grand baritone voice. (Above) Loretta Young is an inspiration to the television engineers. (Right) Myrna Loy and William Powell. They shared microphone success as well as that of "The Thin Man" and its sequel.

waves. As a result, Ed and Charlie are now drawing $2500 a week between them on a three year contract that calls for a salary boost at the end of every 13 week period. But no five figured amount will ever loom as large to them as that first check they received last year on a cold December night, just before Christmas, when they realized that after all, there really is a Santa Claus. It was for $300.

The top salary for a star on the Rudy Vallee program, no matter how prominent his status, is $1500. Vallee, himself, has nothing whatever to do with the selection of guest artists. They are contacted exclusively by the advertising agency for the General Foods products, with Vallee merely acting as master of ceremonies.

The Bing Crosby Kraft Music Hall is another program whose budget calls for a maximum of $1500. Both these hours are directed along the same formula. They are informal entertainment with a minimum of preparation and rehearsal imposed upon the guest for an interview spot of five minutes, or a dramatic sketch running at the most, twelve. Directly in contrast is the Lux Theatre of the Air, which calls for a condensed version of a well known play that entails four whole days of intensive rehearsal. It is for this reason that a star like Robert Taylor will gladly accept $1500 with Rudy and Bing, but demand $5000 for a Lux shot. Besides

Bob Burns wanted to broadcast and, sure enough, he took to the ether like a skylark. Charlie Ruggles is intoxicated with the joy of talking to everyone at once.

having the most generous salary budget on the air (the maximum is $5000), the Lux Theatre also enjoys the most prestige among the Hollywood players. To be invited to appear on it is as definite an indication of your picture rating as an invitation to a Marion Davies gala is a sign of your social standing.

It is the policy of this show to allow their guests to choose their own vehicles. The majority of them prefer to stick to the type of role with which they are most familiar, but, occasionally, a star appears who jumps at this opportunity to experiment with a characterization he or she might never have the chance to do anywhere else. Thus, Joan Crawford chose "Mary of Scotland" . . . Herbert Marshall essayed Gary Cooper's role in "Desire" . . . Walter Winchell crashed through as a first rate actor in "Front Page" . . . Jack Benny and Mary Livingston played straight in "Brewster's Millions" . . . and Claudette Colbert foreswore the high comedy in which she excells for the tragic overtones of "Anna Christie."

There aren't many movie names who comes within the $5000 bracket, although most of them would have you believe otherwise. Radio salaries are supposed to be held strictly confidential between the sponsor, agency and talent, but they are usually about as "secret" as sneak previews, Yuma elopements and Reno divorces—and just about as unauthentic.

Radio salaries are a much truer barometer of a player's popularity than movie salaries because in radio, the time ele-

[*Continued on page 69*]

HOW TO "GO HOLLYWOOD"

By
Robert Joseph

Sketches by Lloyd Wright

JUST what do you mean when you say, "So you've gone Hollywood!"?

"Well, sir," commented Bob Burns, screen comedian, "I'm the person to ask. I've seen plenty of 'em 'go Hollywood.'

"When I catch myself gettin' a little that way I rub a little mud on my nice new shoes to keep remindin' me of Van Buren, Ark.

"Goin' Hollywood pretty much means goin' daffy as I figger it out. I know what I do to keep from gettin' that way. I keep a copy of the old family album plumb on the parlor table. An' whenever I get to feelin' restless I just take a peek at some o' my ancestors, and believe me I'm cured.

"The folks back home heard I built me a swimmin' pool, and they was dead certain I'd gone high-hat. But I got a decent explanation for that. You see my relatives come west to visit. I can't ask them to take a bath. So if they're with me for about two weeks or so without inspectin' the inside of my tub, I just walk 'em along the pool some mornin' and kinda nudge 'em in.

"Besides, I've a couple of ducks in the pool to remind me and the folks from back home of our Van Buren farmyard. You can set it down that Bob Burns has gone Hollywood if I ever go out an' buy myself a set of quackless ducks or substitute what I've got with a brace of swans.

"I know for sure I haven't gone Hollywood. We're makin' 'Wells Fargo' right now and we were on location up around Sonora. My nose is peelin' same's it always used to do.

"No, sir. My nose tells me I ain't changed a bit."

Going Hollywood may mean swimming pools or accents to some, as Bob Burns suggests. To others it can mean setting new fashions in dress, in speech, in anything.

Margot Grahame started a new fad with her pair of ankle bracelets. Clark Gable started something with his present of a station wagon to Carole Lombard, and she with her present of a mountain lion. Chico Marx's earthworm tractor with which he uproots neighbors' lawns when the spirit moves him is something, as is Basil Rathbone's fire truck. Alice Brady set a new high for canine devotedness when she removed all the rugs in her home because it interfered with the natural comfort of her pets.

In these and other ways are Hollywood fads born. In these are the manifestations of "going Hollywood" to be found.

Consider actor Thomas Mitchell. While portraying the role of Dr. Kersaint in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Hurricane" he had to grow a beard. It took two months, and after finishing his role he was reluctant to shave it off—immediately, that is. Mitchell walked down Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon, his first public appearance with the hirsute adornment. A fad was born in that walk. The current crop of west coast whiskers are mere stubbles now. But by Christmas your favorite stars should be looking like Santa Claus.

"I don't believe I've ever done anything to go Hollywood," Stu Erwin complains while making "I'll Take Romance." "I guess the only thing different about my life is the fact that we have a chicken coop in the back yard and we have a couple of kids. Maybe the fact that I've been married for six years kind of distinguishes me.

"I don't know many people who have gone Hollywood. But I can tell you those who have remained the most natural and unaffected. I'd say these ten are the realest people out here: Gary Cooper, Bob Burns, Pat O'Brien, Jim Cagney, Irene Dunne, the Jimmy Gleasons, Bette Davis, Bing Crosby, Sophie Tucker and Spencer Tracy.

"Most folks might say that a sure sign of going Hollywood is to build a front lawn swimming pool. Well, I think that's all right in itself. But somehow I don't understand these birds who tear up a perfectly swell lawn, build themselves a mosaic pool, and when it's all finished go down to Santa Monica and buy themselves a beach home on the Pacific. Unless they use the pool to cut ice in the winter.

"I've watched some fellow players go Hollywood. They all go through pretty much the same symptoms. So if you want to go Hollywood do this:

Marie Wilson (above, left) and Stu Erwin (above). No high hats in their closets.

Clark Gable, Hugh Herbert and Bob Burns have seen many of their friends go "upstage" in a big way.

"First, buy a long twenty-four cylinder cream colored imported car, with trailer to match. Hire a chauffeur and footman and dress 'em up like admirals. Then hire four Filipino boys to do the cooking, and drink mixing, and car dusting. Then provision the trailer for a four-month trip down to Mexico or up to Vancouver. When you're all set drive up and down Hollywood Boulevard—and call it a day.

"Then, get into a squabble with the government about your income tax. Be sure to spend several times more than you earn.

"Third, buy a string of polo ponies. But don't make the mistake of learning how to ride or to play. They're just for show. Buy a polo outfit, though. And be seen everywhere in it.

"Buy a farm somewhere off in the desert and plant pineapples, bananas, cocoanuts and orchids. None of these will grow in California. But that's all right. It would be downright normal to plant anything as prosaic as potatoes, radishes and spinach.

There's no harm in a little publicity stunt, so Margot Grahame put bracelets on her ankles.

"Finally, go into seclusion practically anywhere. The Brown Derby is a good place, because everyone will see you there and they'll know that you've gone into hiding.

"If you've done these things you've really arrived. You've gone Hollywood!

"Oh, yes. Don't forget to make your hand and foot prints in cement for the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese!"

Hugh Herbert claims that Hollywooditis caught him unawares.

"I was respected by my enemies and loved by my friends until I went Hollywood," he confesses. "And how did I go Hollywood? Woo-woo!

"I built a fishpond in the middle of my lawn. But I forgot to build the house. So I just built the house around the fishpond, and somehow the thing got into the center of my living room.

"And one day I was eating grapefruit, plums and oranges and I threw the seeds and pits into a hole made by the plumber. Well, before you could say 'woo-woo' there was a tree growing all three fruits. I call it my fruit-salad tree. They say I've gone Hollywood. Just the same you ought to taste that fruit salad."

There's a serious side to going Hollywood, too. For going Hollywood can pay. Ask Marie Wilson, the girl slated for the coveted feminine lead in Warner's "Boy Meets Girl."

Remembering the early career of Jean Harlow, Marie decided to take Hollywood by storm. She decided to use an $11,000 bequest on breaking into pictures. She came out to filmland more than a year ago . . . but in her own words . . .

"I knew Hollywood was a tough place to crack, and that the only way to make a good start was to make a good impression. Splurging seemed to be the easiest way to do that.

"The day mother and I arrived we rented a hillside mansion on a year's lease. I bought an expensive fur coat and a swanky convertible sedan. I couldn't drive, but as long as I had a nice looking car what did that matter?

"Then with the money we had left we stocked up on canned goods. And I mean *stocked up!* We cleaned out the better part of one neighborhood grocery store.

"Now we were ready for the long siege. Days, weeks, months passed. And still no breaks. I had to hock the fur coat first. Then other valuables. Things got so bad I cancelled part of the insurance on my car and collected a much needed $100.

"I had been getting a few odd jobs in extra parts—but nothing to talk about. All during this period we were working hard with the can-opener.

"I remember one day when I left the Warner's Studio I had to borrow money from one of the gripmen so that I could buy gasoline to drive home. Just the same I sure looked nice in that car.

"The next day I got the break. I'm on my way now, I'm sure. Who says going Hollywood doesn't pay? It paid my way!"

"So, you've gone Hollywood!"

That means different things to different people. Everything from affectation to affliction, fads to fashions.

But whatever it means, it's fun.

Come Christmas you will hardly be able to hear the yes-men on account of the shrieking of the wind through the whiskers.

He Robbed The Rich And Gave To The Poor

A Troupe From the Warner Brothers Studio Goes On Location To Film The Story of Robin Hood

By Ralph Wallace

WHEN Errol Flynn was adventuring in the South Seas he picked up a kangaroo as a pet, later added to his personal menagerie with an Australian honey-bear, and last year became the proud possessor of a pair of African lion hounds. Now the Warner Brothers' star has three new friends—a peanut-eating squirrel, an apple-eating deer, and a hamburger-eating owl.

Mr. Flynn was recently introduced to his new pets as a ten-car special train bore more than 300 Hollywoodites to a spot 600 miles north of the film capital and 800 years away. The 600 miles brought the location party to Chico, Calif. The eight centuries carried them backward in time to England's storied Sherwood Forest and Mr. Flynn's new starring picture, "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

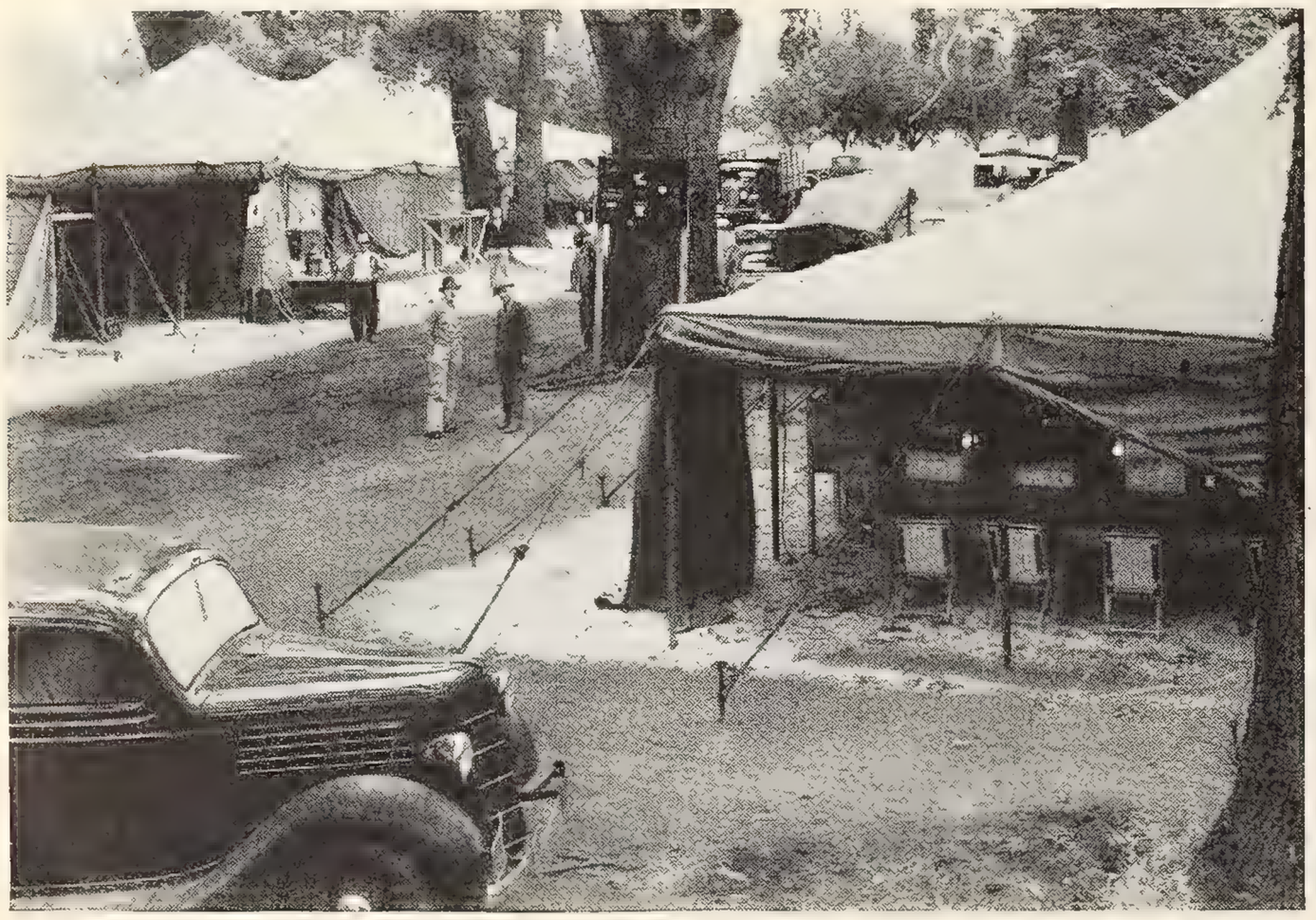
"Besides the owl, the squirrel and the deer, there were fifty horses in the baggage cars," Mr. Flynn laughed. "I had a difficult time convincing the owl that my index finger wasn't a slice of ground beef. The animals are all important actors in the new film, and the deer is supposed to be the only trained deer in the world. In the picture I shoot him to provide food for my merry men—although actually, of course, I don't shoot him at all. Trained deer are pretty expensive venison."

The new film, being filmed entirely in Technicolor, is one of the largest projects ever launched in the motion picture colony, with the budget alone set at $1,600,000. Twenty thousand separate items were included in the baggage cars which accompanied the special train to Chico. Among them were such implements as long yew bows, crossbows, quarter staffs, broadswords, battle axes, chain mail, lances, war clubs, 10,000 arrows, ancient saddles and knightly gear for horses, twelfth century two-wheeled carts, cooking utensils, flares, ovens and roasting spits large enough to turn a whole ox over a forest blaze.

"And trees," added Mr. Flynn. "Our artificial trees must be seen to be appreciated. It seems that old General Bidwell discovered a magnificent forest near the present town of Chico in the 1850's, made a fortune from gold in nearby streams, and at his death in 1911 left the entire forest, comprising some 2400 acres, to Chico as a park. There are giant oaks and sycamores which would be ideal for the arboreal work we have to do—for Robin Hood and his men were sort of twelfth century Tarzans—but the city fathers were afraid we'd damage their trees, so we made a number of artificial ones instead."

So steel-reinforced giants of the forest (courtesy of the prop department) were set up and no one—not even Mr. Flynn's lion hounds—could tell the difference. Robin Hood's camp, covering five acres, was constructed among them. And a medieval castle reared its massive walls over Nottingham way.

When Olivia de Havilland, who plays Maid Marian in the production, arrived at Chico (she had been delayed on location at Weaversville with the "Gold Is Where You Find It" company), Mr. Flynn was on hand to meet her, the hamburger-eating owl on his wrist and the peanut-eating squirrel peeking from his topcoat pocket. The deer, he explained, had been left at home "because it doesn't like night air."



Alan Hale in the picturesque costume of Little John. (Left) The tents of the technicians and players on location.

Then Mr. Flynn and Miss de Havilland, together with Alan Hale, Basil Rathbone, Eugene Pallette, Claude Rains, Ian Hunter, Patric Knowles and other welcoming members of the cast, made a beeline for the nearest hamburger-and-peanut stand to feed Mr. Flynn's new pets.

Early the next morning the cast and hundreds of extras assembled at the huge make-up tents on the edge of Bidwell Park, ready to turn Norman Reilly Raine's version of Robin Hood into picture romance. Director William Keighley had at his elbow as adviser none other than Louis Van

Errol Flynn as Robin Hood. (Left) Robin with Will Scarlet (Patric Knowles) in Sherwood Forest. (Below) Olivia de Havilland, who will appear as Maid Marian.

den Ecker, native of Flanders and one of Europe's greatest experts on costumes, language and manners of the Middle Ages.

Not since the Indians roamed Northern California centuries ago has there been such a sound of twanging bow strings as the natives of Chico heard in their modern Bidwell Park. To be sure that all his large cast were instructed properly in the mysteries of archery, Director Keighley had hired the world's foremost living archer, Howard Hill, to instruct Robin Hood and his merry men, as well as the minions of Prince John, in the proper method of manipulating long bow and crossbow.

"Errol became such an expert, in fact," said Mr. Keighley, "that he accomplished a very unusual feat—killing a three-foot, 25-pound wildcat with a single arrow. Errol and Hill were trudging around the countryside one day when we couldn't use the cameras because of the cloudy weather, when Errol's dogs flushed and treed the wildcat. Because Flynn was a novice, Hill gave him first shot, and his arrow went through the wildcat's breast and came out its back. Wildcats are hard to get with rifles, let alone primitive bows and arrows. They were glad to get rid of that wildcat. It had been robbing the provision tent at night. Probably also had its evil eye on the pet deer."

The difficulties of assembling and training the large cast of "The Adventures of Robin Hood," together with building the various props and carting both props and cast to northern California, were minor difficulties, however, compared with the major headache of shooting the film in color. For this process, beautiful in its final form, is infinitely more complicated and costly than black-and-white photography.

"The Technicolor camera, which takes six months to build and costs $16,000, is not even owned by the studio," Mr. Keighley declared. "No studio can own such a camera, for the Technicolor company has corraled all the patents. So Technicolor merely rents the camera—and a chief cameraman along with it."

Shots are photographed in three colors, for Technicolor is a three-component process. Whereas the black-and-white camera carries only one film reel in the magazine, the Technicolor camera carries three—red, blue and green.

"Make-up for Technicolor likewise is different," said Mr. Keighley. "and because it is different from what they are accustomed to, actors require more time to apply it. Natural color photography picks up the reds, so that the average human skin, due to its underlayer of blood in tiny veins, assumes a positively apoplectic hue. Make-up for Technicolor is a trifle on the ghastly side to keep the skin from looking too red. A special liquid, for that reason, is swabbed on the skin before each shot."

Lighting on the set, too, must be different for Technicolor than for ordinary photography. Carbon arcs burning with an intense white light are employed, rather than the mazdas used for black-and-white photography. Mazdas are yellow and Technicolor cameras would pick up the yellow, resulting in a sickly looking print.

According to Director Keighley, what promised to be one of the greatest difficulties in filming "The Adventures of Robin Hood" turned out to be no difficulty at all. Because old General Bidwell had declared in his will that no member of the public should ever be denied access to the park, Warners had feared that huge crowds of fans would stream in from the surrounding countryside to watch the location party, resulting in so much noise and confusion that shooting would fall far behind schedule.

City authorities could not block off a section of the park, but they did the next best thing—launched a campaign in the town's papers, pleading with the citizenry to keep as quiet as possible and stay out of camera range at all times.

"The cooperation we received was remarkable," Mr. Keighley asserted. "There were always hundreds of people standing around, watching each shot, but at no time did we have any delays because of confusion or excitement. One Sunday there were thousands in the park, most of them watching the set, but not a single take was ruined by noise or by anyone getting within camera range. We had a loud-speaker system, of course, which helped immensely in controlling the crowds."

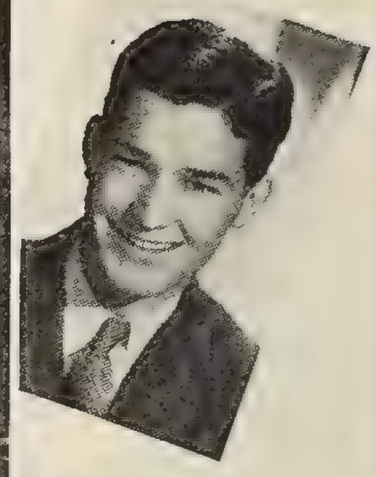
The throngs which gathered probably had their greatest laugh when Errol Flynn, as Robin Hood, jousted with Friar Tuck on a log which served as a bridge across a swift stream. Robin Hood is knocked into the water by the Friar, and Flynn himself had to make the big splash for Art's sake.

"The water was ice-cold," Mr. Flynn said, reminiscently.

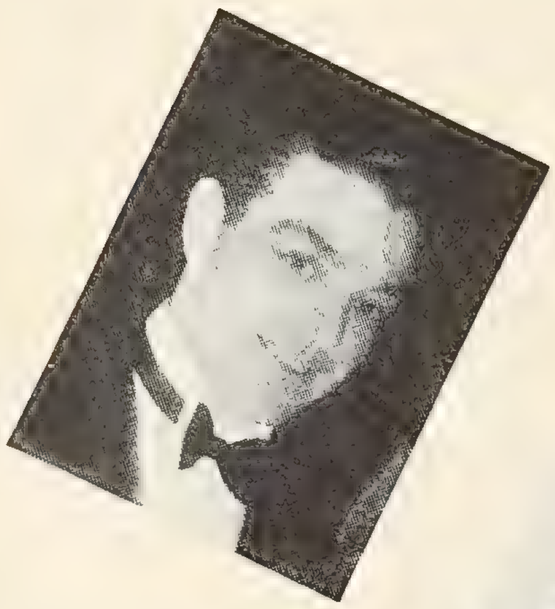
The Girl Who Takes Advice. Gail Patrick Is Grateful To Fate And To—

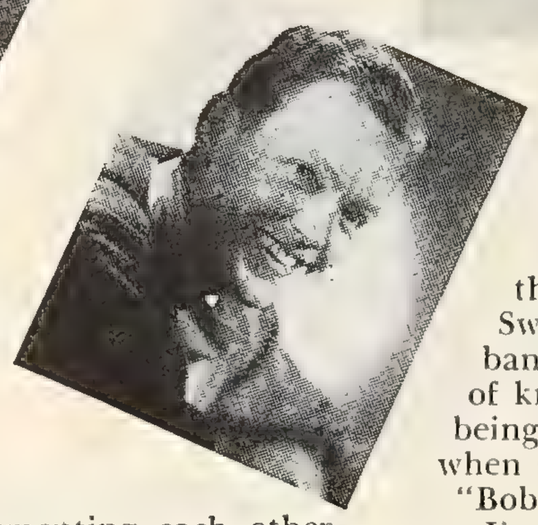
HER 3 SEVEREST CRITICS

By Ed Churchill



There is a bond between Gail and her brother, Richard, that is stronger than any trouble.





Robert Cobb, Gail's husband, is not entirely in the movies—just his heart. (Right) John Engstead is a friend who is able to give advice and help, too.

THREE men, supplementing each other in years, in experience, in knowledge, are responsible for the career and happiness of Gail Patrick.

The sum total of her knowing them is her success.

From them she has learned the meaning of responsibility, tolerance, the fine points of developing a personality, contentment, and the preservation of a sense of humor.

Without their lively interest there would be no Gail Patrick of the screen—the dark-haired, sophisticated, ultra-attractive, mature woman of today. Instead there would be shy Margaret Fitzpatrick, of Birmingham, Alabama. Without their counsel and their advice and their faith in her, Margaret Fitzpatrick would consider herself an ugly duckling, far too tall, far too plain, for a motion picture career.

Startling to you?

To me, too.

Yet Gail coolly confessed this to me, albeit a bit shyly, albeit with a very human plea for complete understanding of the situation, as we sat at luncheon in a booth in a Hollywood restaurant. And, believe it or not, it wasn't one of the Brown Derbies owned and operated by her husband, Robert Cobb.

Mention of Cobb brings us to the ranking man in her life. Public Sweetheart Number One—her husband of eight months. After four years of knowing him, after eight months of being his bride, Gail is still starry-eyed when she talks about him.

"Bob has influenced me more than anyone I've ever known, except my mother and father," Gail relates. "He drew me out of a terrific inferiority complex. He instilled in me an ambition to do better work so that he would be prouder of me. I've developed an added pride in my appearance, too, because he notices and compliments the things I wear, and he makes me want to be more attractive to justify his being attracted to me."

In that lies a hint, too, for lovers and husbands. It's a left-handed pointer to you men to praise the attributes of your mates, thus spurring them on to acquire more.

Gail tells a funny story about Bob Cobb to illustrate the personality he has. One day, not long ago, a writer who was gathering material for a story on Gail went to one of the scintillant player's friends.

"Why did Gail marry Bob?" the writer asked.

The friend looked at the writer with astonishment.

"Do you know Bob?" she asked. She got a negative reply.

"Bob Cobb," said the friend, "is the kind of fellow every girl in the world dreams of marrying."

Gail confesses she experienced a strange sensation the first time Bob and she met. Immediately he made her feel that she was very interesting, attractive, important and worth while, as well as a person whom he might have known for years.

"I've been going with you for a long time—since the first time I saw you, which was about two months after you arrived in Hollywood, I believe," Bob said. "We're not meeting for the first time. You don't know me—but I've known you for years."

What girl wouldn't thrill to words like that?

"From then on," Gail says, "my whole viewpoint about myself gradually changed. Until then I'd tried to improve myself, but more as a student does. I had analyzed and picked flaws in myself, my personality and my performances, but in a more or less academic sort of way. After I met Bob and started going with him, I subconsciously tried to improve myself because I wanted to justify his pride and faith in me."

Gail points out that every girl gets a great pleasure out of knowing that a man about whom many women care is singling *her* out.

"His charm and gracious manner made me feel kindlier and more gracious toward people, which inadvertently developed a little charm in me," she confesses. "He revived my sense of humor. He slowly wooed me away from the thought that I was too tall by praising my willowy grace—whether I had it or not— [*Continued on page* 66]

WREATHS OF 1938?

The New Year Arrives With His Arms Full Of High Honors With Which To Reward The Talented And The Beautiful.

THE girl who is proclaimed the "Most Beautiful" during the coming months will always remember her year of happiness. For her, 1938 will mark the turning point of her life—the year when she stepped out upon the stage of the world with all eyes upon her and received the accolade that through the ages has meant so much to lovely women, from Helen of Troy to Cleopatra.

Great talent will be honored and a new name will be carved in a high place. And though press agents may diligently seek to capture one of these golden awards for their no doubt worthy clients, it will be of no avail, for the laurel wreaths of 1938 will be bestowed by you, the impartial jury of free men and women.

Of what glamorous title do they dream? (Left to right) Rosemary Lane, Eleanor Whitney, Betty Grable and Lana Turner. Time will tell us.

January boasts the birthdate of Luise Rainer (Below). Have you the same characteristics? Kay Francis, Ann Sothern and Anita Louise also were January babies. (Right) Heather Angel was born in February, as were Joan Bennett, Madeleine Carroll and Franciska Gaal.

(Below) Bette Davis is an April gift. There are tears in her great parts, like April rain. April can also point to Lily Pons. (Right) Maureen O'Sullivan as welcome, always, as the flowers of May. And Mary Astor was born in May, too. (Below-right) Jeanette MacDonald, a June rose if there ever was one.

The tempestuous winds of March were shrieking across the world when Joan Crawford began her career, and who can doubt that her heritage is her stormy nature which has never been harnessed, yet it is as gentle as the first Spring violet. Binnie Barnes also has her birthday in March.

WHEN IS YOUR BIRTHDAY?

Study The Star Born In Your Month.
You May Have The Same Destiny.

(Left) Joan Blondell is an August girl as are Myrna Loy, Dolores Del Rio and Lucille Ball. Could there be four more dissimilar or more lovely? (Below) Margaret Lindsay first opened her eyes on one September morn. She shares the month with some important darlings—Garbo, Virginia Bruce and Claudette Colbert. The month of irresistibles! (Below, right) Frances Drake is October's child. Janet Gaynor, Marsha Hunt, Jean Arthur and Miriam Hopkins also celebrate at harvest time.

Eleanor Powell came here when November leaves were dancing with joy. Frances Dee and Katharine Hepburn, too. So we have Thanksgiving Day in November. (Below) December has some impressive birthdays. Dorothy Lamour (below) has hers then. Also Marlene Dietrich, Betty Grable, Gladys Swarthout, Sally Eilers and Grace Moore, giving the year a grandstand finish.

July girls—Ginger Rogers (left), Barbara Stanwyck, Irene Dunne and Madge Evans. All pretty and all have conquered an up-hill road.

The Calendar of Men

Jan.—Ray Milland
Feb.—Adolphe Menjou
Mar.—Warner Baxter
Apr.—John Howard
May—Herbert Marshall
June—Ian Hunter
July—William Powell
Aug.—Fred MacMurray
Sept.—George Raft
Oct.—John Boles
Nov.—Joel McCrea
Dec.—Edw. G. Robinson

THE whirling planets in the heavens above you exerted strange forces upon your soft, unresisting character at the moment you were born. Perhaps one of these famous players shares with you the same instinctive aversions or thrills.

BACHELORS OF ART

Are They Afraid Of Marriage Or Can't They Find A Partner?

CAREER or marriage, or why not both? Above are the great stars who are great in marriage as well. Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, Mrs. O'Brien and her Pat, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Irene Hervey and husband Allan Jones, and Robert Young and his wife. If Hollywood had a club for single girls and if, from the balcony, they could review the quite successful heroes on parade, would they leap into waiting arms or do they find solace in fame, fortune and fan mail?

Cesar Romero. What a husband for a girl who loves dancing! Michael Whalen, waiting for his mavourneen. David Niven and Brian Aherne still single although Britishers make such distinguished husbands. Nelson Eddy — only a million girls would marry him!

(Below, from left to right) Jack Oakie and his better half. Tony Martin and Alice Faye, famous and happy. Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien. Hollywood's ideal couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow (Myrna Loy). The clowningest and happiest marriage in Hollywood, Gracie Allen and George Burns.

The balcony beauties who perhaps prefer to be old maids. Anita Louise, Madge Evans, Wendy Barrie, Marsha Hunt Olympe Bradna, Ann Sheridan and Dixie Dunbar.

(Left to right) The Tyrolean influence is evidently here to stay, and we
wonder when we see Virginia Bruce in her smoothly cut cedar green skirt to
with a steel grey jacket trimmed with wooden buttons. A rolled brimmed grey
green felt hat and green accessories complete the tailleur. For her nubby
afternoon frock Virginia chooses deep maroon with matching suede access
Her short box coat of skunk, so popular this winter, is lined with maroon
Simone Simon looks adorable in a sapphire blue redingote over a wine-red
dress printed in white butterflies. Her wide suede belt, with its tricky watch
the baby-brimmed velour hat and other accessories are of a much darker

(Below) Two delectable Turkish turbans that should see a girl through the most glamorous evening, from cocktails to midnight supper. The one worn by Phillis Brooks (left) is fashioned of exotic black and white feathers with a striking band of parrot green and scarlet velvet sheathing the peak. Gloria Stuart accentuates the height of her black velvet model with two uncurled ostrich plumes, one black, one almond green.

THE MID-SEASON OFFER
A VARIETY OF STYLES

Here Are A Few That Should Stimulate Your Interest.

Evening fashions are so diversified that every girl can have her own indivi
type enhanced if she knows how to select wisely. (Above-center) Loretta Yo
poses gracefully in a dinner gown of crepe roma in Imperial blue, draped in
Grecian manner. The long sleeves make this desirable for restaurant or the
wear. (Center-right) Olivia de Havilland favors a formal gown of black chi
with a wide sash of salmon and powder blue taffeta ribbon, with these entran
colors carried out in the beaded motif in the bodice. (Opposite-left) A Prin
gown in white crepe is made less formal when Claire Trevor dons a waist
jacket of white crepe encrusted with crystal beads. (Opposite-right) Shirley R
sheath-like dinner gown of black crepe has a decided pre-War flair, with its
skirt, eccentric bodice of roman striped taffeta and plumed turban. A w
shouldered bolero with long sleeves adds the only modern touch.

Claudette Colbert looks so charming in these three distinctive hats that it's a toss-up which gets first choice. Above is an off-the-face black felt that would be appropriate for luncheon or cocktails. The flame-red wool Russian Toque (upper left) relies upon its luxurious Persian crown for elegance. And, at left, Claudette perches a cunning Scotch cap of light grey kidskin bordered with grey grosgrain ribbon over her right eye to top off a swagger coat of grey kidskin.

JUST about this time of year we get satiated with the clothes that we picked up so hurriedly and so blithely in late September when we felt the Fall season had come upon us with a

ang! We need a "lift" to make up for the sun we're issing now that warm, balmy days are quite a thing of he past. Also, the holidays call for a gay display of new nery. Anyhow, they give us a grand excuse to refurbish ur gradually sinking wardrobe. So, get busy shopping ow. You won't have another excuse until Easter—unless ou're one of those favored mortals who go South in ebruary.

Screen Treats

Nova Pilbeam and Derrick de Marney in "The Girl Was Young." This is Nova's first grownup role.

Syd Saylor, Wallace Ford and June Travis in a somewha amusing moment from "News in the Air."

Dorothy McNulty, Humphrey Bogart and Allen Jenkins in "Swing Your Lady." It looks pretty exciting.

Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford in "Mannequin." Joa looks a bit angry. Too bad, Spencer.

John Barrymore and Carole Lombard in "True Confession." Who does the confessing, we wonder?

Alan Hale and Lana Turner in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Gary Cooper is the star.

...OR THE HOLIDAYS!

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee in "Wells Fargo." The first time they've co-starred since their marriage.

Miriam Hopkins and Ivan Lebedeff in "Women Have a Way." Miriam has changed her coiffure for this one.

Kenny Baker and Andrea Leeds in "The Goldwyn Follies." Andrea is the talk of movie-town these days.

Frederick Burton, Heather Angel and Allan Lane in an interesting scene from "The Duke Comes Back."

Edward Cassidy, Tex Ritter and Karl Hackett in "Frontier Town," a western tale that packs a wallop.

Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton, Virginia Bruce, Guy Kibbee and Dennis O'Keefe in "Bad Man of Brimstone."

"FRAMES" FROM SEQUENCES

Helaine Moler as she plays "Loop Tennis." Either two or four people can play it. The players shoot the ring back and forth, catching it on the sticks and using the sticks to send it back. Do not use doughnuts—just hoops, my dear.

The top picture shows Buster Crabbe about to save the life of a swimmer in distress. The victim wrestles with Buster and endangers them both so in the third picture Buster shows how, while still being held, he ups with his foot and kicks Mr. Weisenheimer in the jaw and then tows him to dry-dock. Try it on your sweetie.

Jean Parker shapes up well in he archery uniform. She wears a cuff t shield her lovely arm from the bo string. Even if she shoots this way o that way, every arrow hits the bull' eye! Ain't movie girls wunnerful?

OF ACTION

Single Photographs On A Film Are Called "Frames." Let Your Fancy Fill In The Missing Links.

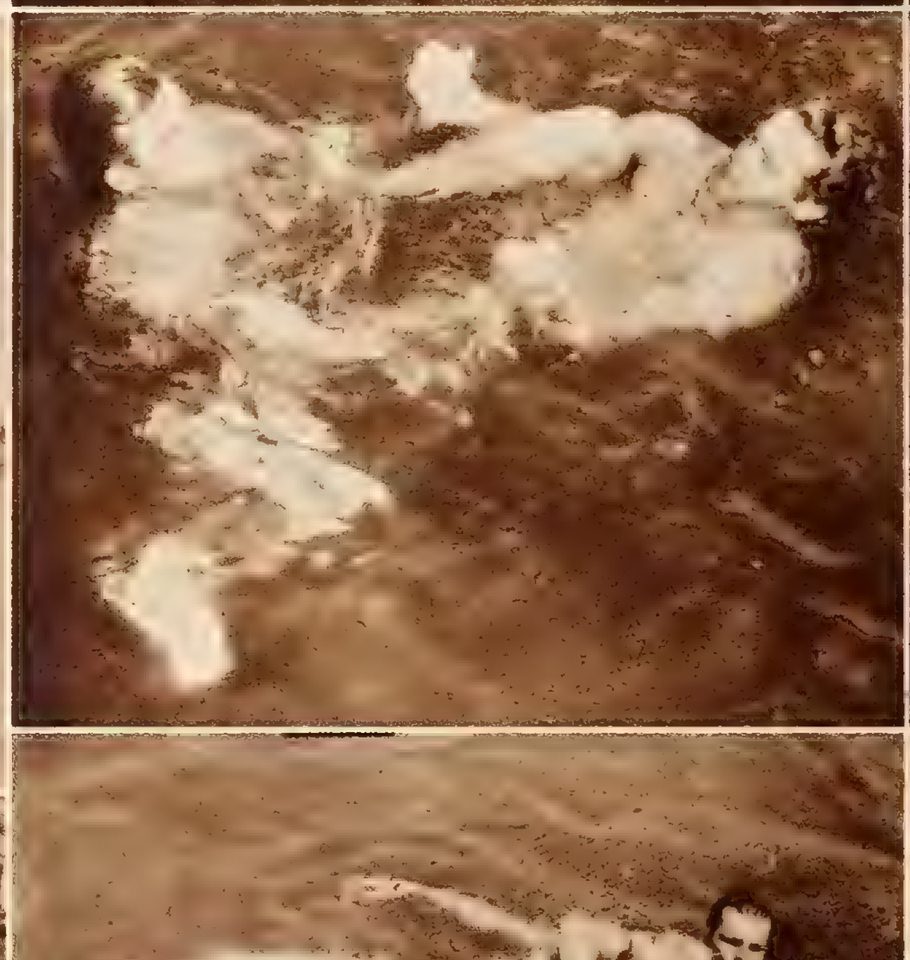
Una Merkel has always been a favorite of ours. At first she seems to be doubting our devotion (we told her she squinted) so she practices keeping her beautiful eyes wide open and now she is amazed at how pretty we think she is.

Ed Kennedy, wearied from carrying the crown of his rank, The Best Comic in Pictures (evidently it has worn his hair down a little), decides on a drink, but darned if it wasn't a shower.

agine two big stars like Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray act- funny! First they are suspicious, but Fred pretends and shoves over and Carole falls off the sofa. Hollywood etiquette!

(Below) Toby Wing tells Stu Erwin he ought to go in for those great lover parts, and is Stu interested! (He must have fainted.) So he is going back to goofy parts and Bob Taylor's kingdom is still intact!

"Frames" From Sequences



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Claudette

COLBERT

Charles

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The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE

ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

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It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

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"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? . . . Tonight's our night!"

Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!

The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."

"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK!

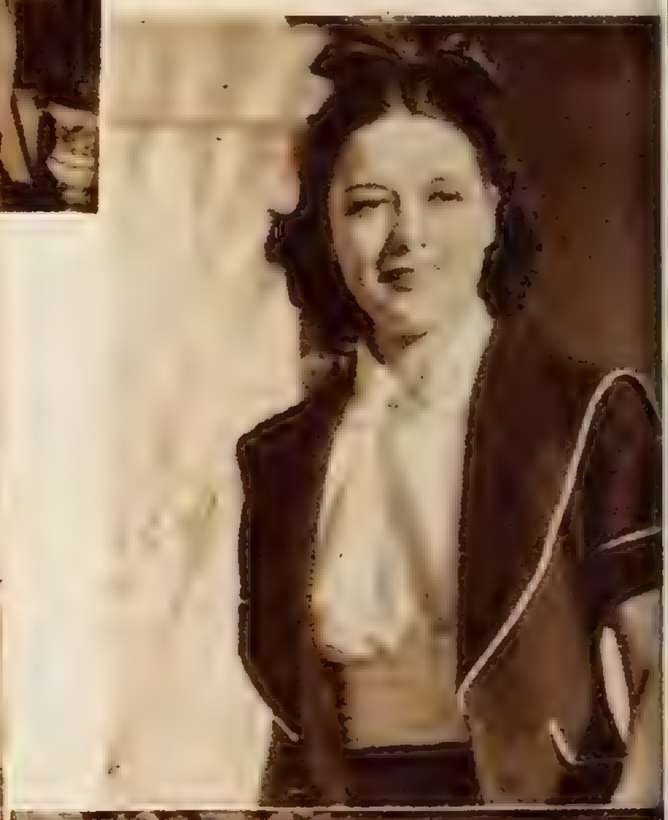
Never A Dull Moment

PUBLICITY is not fame, but it helps a lot. So when an actress in the picture studios is not in front of a camera for her art she often has to pose for photographs that will spread the beauty of her face and figure through the papers. To the crowd who believes the press agents, and the number is growing smaller, the life of a movie star must have all the quiet restful poise exhibited by a Mexican jumping bean. Every hour there is a camera at hand and when a girl is not posing the candid cameras are sneaking up on the candidate for popularity, waiting for a chance to catch her wrestling with a plate of spaghetti. And if a beauty happened to get her nose broken, a dozen men would risk their reputations to get a photograph of her with her smeller in splints.

Real gems owned by the studio, valued at $22,000. Margot Grahame wears them in "The Buccaneer" when she appears as a New Orleans belle of 1814. It seems only yesterday!

Jane Bryan is about to swarm up the rigging to fix the brassiere or something. She's a natural sailor, even if the ship is in winter storage. (Below) Movita will next appear in "Rose of the Rio Grande." No, her costume is not Mexican, but her beauty is.

Director Edward Sutherland talks things over with Charles Winninger, Mae West and Charles Butterworth. They are ready for the "take" for "Every Day's A Holiday," Mae's new musical. The scene is supposed to be a Fifth Avenue mansion in 1900. Keep it clean, Mae. (Right) It's the "Thrill of a Lifetime." Buster Crabbe—Ha, ha, ha!—thinks that's the way to kiss Betty Grable. (Left) The photographer said to Marie Wilson "You got something there." So he took her picture. She has that net in case of crabs (not Buster).



(Left) Anna May Wong is cast in Paramount's "Daughters of Shanghai." As this was taken, she was reading a cablegram from China saying that her father, brothers and sisters are safe. May your messages always be good, Anna. (Right) Olivia de Havilland and George Brent out in the wilds for a scene in "Gold Is Where You Find It." All in the day's work.

Jackie Cooper has grown up, but never has outgrown his screen career. Scene from "Boy of the Streets."

He's Seen Them All

William Nigh Respects Talent Whenever He Finds It.

By Miriam Gibson

(A Short Short—Complete On This Page)

"LUCKY? I'd call it talent!" Thus William Nigh sums up the success of Jackie Cooper—one of the few child stars of motion pictures to ward off the "jinx" of obscurity with the advent of adolescence.

Nigh is one of Hollywood's most experienced directors. He has been in the motion picture industry since 1911. He knows whereof he speaks. "I wish the world in general would realize that acting is something more than saying lines, going through motions. It is a definite talent, something that is gained by birth. Why does a mother look at her beautiful little girl and think 'She'll be another Shirley Temple'? She might as well say 'I'll give her singing lessons and she'll be another Lily Pons.'"

At the present time, Director Nigh is handling the megaphone for Monogram's "Boy of the Streets" in which Jackie Cooper stars. This role is the first in which the former child star plays the role of a boy who is no longer a child. "Jackie Cooper is one of the few children who have not been retired before reaching adolescence," says the director. "Jackie Coogan is a striking example of a successful child who became a star in the movies at the age of four. He enjoyed success for six years. Then what happened? He was considered too old for the movies—at the age of ten. Do you remember Baby Peggy? A cute youngster if ever there was one. She is now trying to make a comeback but so far has not met with success. Why, then, is Jackie Cooper able to continue right on his course as a motion picture star?

Director Nigh demands a great deal from Jackie but not in vain.

"Since 1929, when he first entered pictures at the age of six, he has been in the front ranks of Hollywood's films. When he was twelve, an age at which the average child star is retired, he made a striking success in 'O'Shaunghnessey's Boy.' Do you realize that they retired Baby LeRoy at the age of four?"

What then is in back of Jackie's success? In the first place, much credit is due to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bigelow. They have watched over him very carefully. Jackie is no spoiled child who, because of his acting ability, is considered a god, whose education has been concentrated on the movies. His parents have given him an education which has trained his mind to think. He can talk about aviation in most intelligent fashion. He is equally conversant on books and politics.

"Acting is something which comes from within," Nigh explains. "If a person has the spark, nothing can stop him or her from acting. Nothing can discourage them. Tyrone Power put it very aptly to me the other day. 'I have a little trick,' he said. 'If I know where the camera is during a scene, I know I'm not acting.' A true actor loses himself in his part."

How, then, has Jackie made the gradual climb from child parts to this, his first adolescent role, in "Boy of the Streets." We asked the boy—he's really a young man, now—how he felt about it?

He smiled, a big broad grin. There was not a moment's hesitation in his reply. "I realize that I am no longer a kid," he said. "I've grown up. I think in terms of my role. It's always been that way. When I was playing in pictures four years ago, someone would describe the character to me. Then I'd think about it and I would become that kid. Now I study the character myself. I think about him, try to realize what his reactions would be. When that character becomes a real person to me, I know that I understand him. When I get in front of the cameras, I am no longer Jackie Cooper. Thus in this 'Boy of the Streets.' As soon as I get on the set, I feel tough, I think in tough terms, I know nothing of the finer things in life. I really feel that the world owes me a living. Of course, the minute I leave the set, I become Cooper again. It's hard to describe it. I guess I sound kinda crazy. But that is what really happens."

"And that," interrupts Nigh, "is what I call acting talent. If a child has it, there need be no fear of the 'jinx,' but if that talent is lacking, luck won't help."

William Nigh was born in Berlin, Wisconsin, on October 12, 1881. He directed his first picture for Mack Sennett. Those were the days when Gloria Swanson, Ruth Roland and Mabel Normand flitted across the screen as bathing beauties. He has been directing ever since. He has seen motion pictures grow from what people fondly called a fad, to the third greatest industry in the world. He has seen stars keep abreast of the times. He has seen stars fall by the wayside. He has gone through the silent days into the talkie days. He knows what makes actors tick.

"And I say it is not luck that makes an actor or actress a star or a failure. It is a very important thing called talent. With it, a boy or girl, a man or woman, can climb to the greatest heights. Without it, no one can succeed. That is why Jackie Cooper, at the age of fifteen, is still in motion pictures, a star. That is why he is likely to stay in films for the rest of his life," says the man who has seen them all.

Maureen O'Connor in "Boy of the Streets."

THE ranks of dramatic artists have suddenly been augmented. Three young actresses have risen, to command an attention belonging to but few under legal age

You caught, of course, Anne Shirley's performance in "Stella Dallas." Her matchless acting compared with anything of an emotional nature yet glimpsed on the screen. June Lang you'll recall most certainly for the depth of her interpretations in such films as "The Road to Glory" and "Wee Willie Winkie." And Joan Fontaine's amazing vibrancy in "Music for Madame" still stands forth in memory with shining clarity.

These are our girls, then, who have soared so lustrously to the heights, who have imprinted themselves indelibly upon public consciousness. Even hard-boiled Hollywood is regarding them as actresses of distinction.

Each is a young woman of intense emotions. No ordinary life has any of the three led in her pursuit of happiness . . . and fame. And in no sense of the word did their childhood resemble that of the average young girl.

Left a half-orphan when still an infant in arms, Anne Shirley was only fourteen months old when she earned her first dollar, posing for a commercial artist who had been attracted by her golden curls. She was barely three when she made her initial film appearance, and soon afterward played her first important role in "The Miracle Child," a William Farnum feature.

The Struggle For A Picture Career Is Like a Battle With Fate. Youth Can Try, Fail And Try Again! How Can They Lose?

When Anne was four, her mother packed their scanty belongings and left their native New York for California in hope and trembling. Already it was apparent that little Anne—or Dawn O'Day, as she then was known—had unusual talent even for a screen child, and, having resolved to do her utmost to further that talent, the mother realized that more opportunities awaited the tot in Hollywood than in the eastern metropolis.

Although economic necessity did not dictate June Lang's entrance into professional life, love of dancing did. By the time she had reached the age of four this beautiful blonde child already was destined for public attention.

MORE THAN LUCK

The beauty of June Lang (above and left) and her symmetrical figure will always be assets to her career.

It started at a Christmas party, in Minneapolis, where June was born June Vlasek, daughter of a Swedish mother and Bohemian father. June had a little friend, a striking brunette, who was taking dancing lessons. The friend invited June to attend the Christmas party, given at the studio of her teacher, and the future actress arrived in curls and ribbons.

When the teacher saw the two youngsters together, one so very fair, the other so very brunette, she was inspired to team them in a little dancing number. She dressed the brunette as a boy and taught the children a fascinating flirtation routine.

Eventually, she presented her pupils in an entertainment at the Metropolitan Theatre in Minneapolis. The flirtation dance was the hit of the show and from that time until June left the Minnesota city the team was in constant demand, both in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

June was six and one-half years old when the Vlaseks moved to Los Angeles because of the father's business. By this time, in the childish mind there already burned an ambition to be a great dancer. Consequently, her parents enrolled her at the Meglin Dancing School for Kiddies—June was one of the first pupils of this now-famous institution—and it was training received there that led, eventually, to her screen career.

Unlike those other two with whom she is competing now for stellar honors, Joan Fontaine held no youthful theatrical aspira-

Three Girls On Hollywood's Roulette Wheel. Will Talent Win?

By Whitney Williams

(Above left, and below) Anne Shirley, a veteran and a true starlet. (Above and right) Joan Fontaine. Her great opportunity comes in the new Astaire picture.

tions. True, she often dramatized situations, with herself ever in the heroine's role, but insofar as actual acting was concerned—never! She lived almost entirely within herself, and her imagination.

The reason for this lay in the fact that Joan was a frail, sickly child, and could not play as did other children. Born in Tokyo, Japan, as an infant she literally was carried about in cotton wadding, so poor was her health. It was when she had reached two that physicians declared she must be taken to a different climate if she were to live, and so the family—her mother and sister and herself—moved to San Francisco. Upon arrival in San Francisco, Joan was stricken with one of her periodical spells of illness and she was forced to remain in bed for six months. At the end of this time, the little family moved again, southward now, a few miles, to Saratoga so the youngster could have the outdoors in which to convalesce.

Although her health improved after coming to California, she was far from well when she reached young girlhood and at fifteen her doctors prescribed a sea voyage. Anxious to visit the land of her birth, she elected to go to Japan for the trip, and to complete her schooling.

It was while in Japan, in school there, that Joan first experienced an interest in theatricals. She appeared in a number of amateur productions, but when she returned a year and a half later to California she had taken up the study of art and seriously intended to follow that line of work. But once again her health interfered, and she had to abandon this study.

In an effort, then, to find some form of self-expression, she began to think of the theatre. A friend of the family, Homer Curran, the theatrical producer, was staging a play, and he offered her a part. She accepted eagerly, and immediately knew she had found the career for which she had been searching. Later, she joined her family in Hollywood—whither her sister, Olivia de Havilland, had preceded her—and won a role in Henry Duffy's stage production of "Call It a Day."

The means by which our three little girls entered motion pictures are as varied as their personalities. Only Anne Shirley, among the trio, came to Hollywood expressly for pictures . . . and only hers is a story of hardship and travail. Joan got her big break with story-book ease, and while June did not at once taste the fruits of success she scarcely encountered any of the anguishing experiences that characterized Anne's fight for fame.

"Life Begins At Four" would be a fitting title for Anne's story. For the ensuing twelve years after she arrived in Hollywood, her career was a record of struggle, of rigid economy, of a constant search for parts and bits, of dingy hall bedrooms for a home . . . and always ahead of her that will-o'-the-wisp hope that someday, somehow, success would be hers. Her schooling necessarily was on a catch-as-catch basis . . . her childhood devoted—where Joan's and June's had, at least, been happy—to the eternal search for work that came all too seldom. But it DID come at times, [*Continued on page* 71]

Old Pals' Ranch

By Jeanne de Kolty

Just A Business Proposition. His Friends Get A Ranch; Gary Gets His Money Back—Maybe!

The ex-cowboy as Marco Polo, the Thirteenth Century Adventurer, with Sigrid Gurie

GARY COOPER effervesced.

It was the first time in almost ten years since I first met him that I ever saw Gary "out of character." The screen's most famous strong and silent man was babbling like a magpie. Literally bubbling over.

"Just think," he burst forth. "Seven pounds and a half! Pretty? Say, you ought to see that kid!"

"That kid," of course, was Miss Maria Veronica Cooper, born the previous Tuesday morning at Good Samaritan Hospital. Now it was Saturday and Gary was back on the set for the first time since her arrival. Bets had all been paid—for weeks everyone on the set (including Chinese extras imported from Los Angeles' Chinatown specially for "Marco Polo") had been laying wagers as to whether the Coopers would produce a boy or a girl. The story of Gary's laconic remark: "Makes it difficult, doesn't it?" when he saw a "No Children" sign posted in the hospital maternity ward, had gone the rounds. Now he was back to work.

"Come, come now, Gary," I tried to soothe him. "After all, I'm here to talk about your cooperative ranch. Pull yourself together and let's get down to work."

"The ranch . . . ? Oh, that. Yes. Well, the newspapers carried a story about that the Wednesday before the baby came. Can you imagine that little dickens? Kept me up all night long. We went to the hospital at seven in the evening and she waited to be born until 2:35 in the morning. That's a fine trick to play on her old dad, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh," I murmured, "and the ranch . . . ?"

"Well, the day after the ranch story broke in the newspapers, I was mobbed by half the cowboys west of the Mississippi. Anyway, it seemed like at least that many. They all wanted a 'slice' of the property. So I'm not talking about it any more."

"What if I promise to ask the cowboys to lay off? Will you give me a story then?"

Gary sat down in a canvas chair. It was the first time that day anyone had seen him relax. He stretched his long legs out in front of him, meditatively rolled a Bull Durham cigaret, and drawled:

"They might as well lay off. I have my cowboys all picked. They're all old friends. Fellows I've known twelve, fourteen years. Some even longer, back in Montana. Those I worked with when I first came to Hollywood. I'm buying the ranch, they'll run it. Business, that's all."

Apparently that was all, for Gary got to his feet, murmured a polite excuse, and before he could be stopped was hurrying out of the sound stage door and across the street to a drug store. A few minutes later he returned with a box of cigars—thirty dollars' worth of smokes at fifty cents each—and began distributing them to the men on the set. From the lowliest prop boy to the director, every man present received one. Gary was in his glory, the typical proud papa celebrating the birth of his first-born in traditional style, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Gary," I pleaded. "My story . . . the ranch . . . what about it?"

"Oh, yes. Pardon me." Once more he sat down and began his story. Long before he had finished, I decided that Gary's cooperative ranch is one of the kindest gestures to be made in Hollywood in a long time.

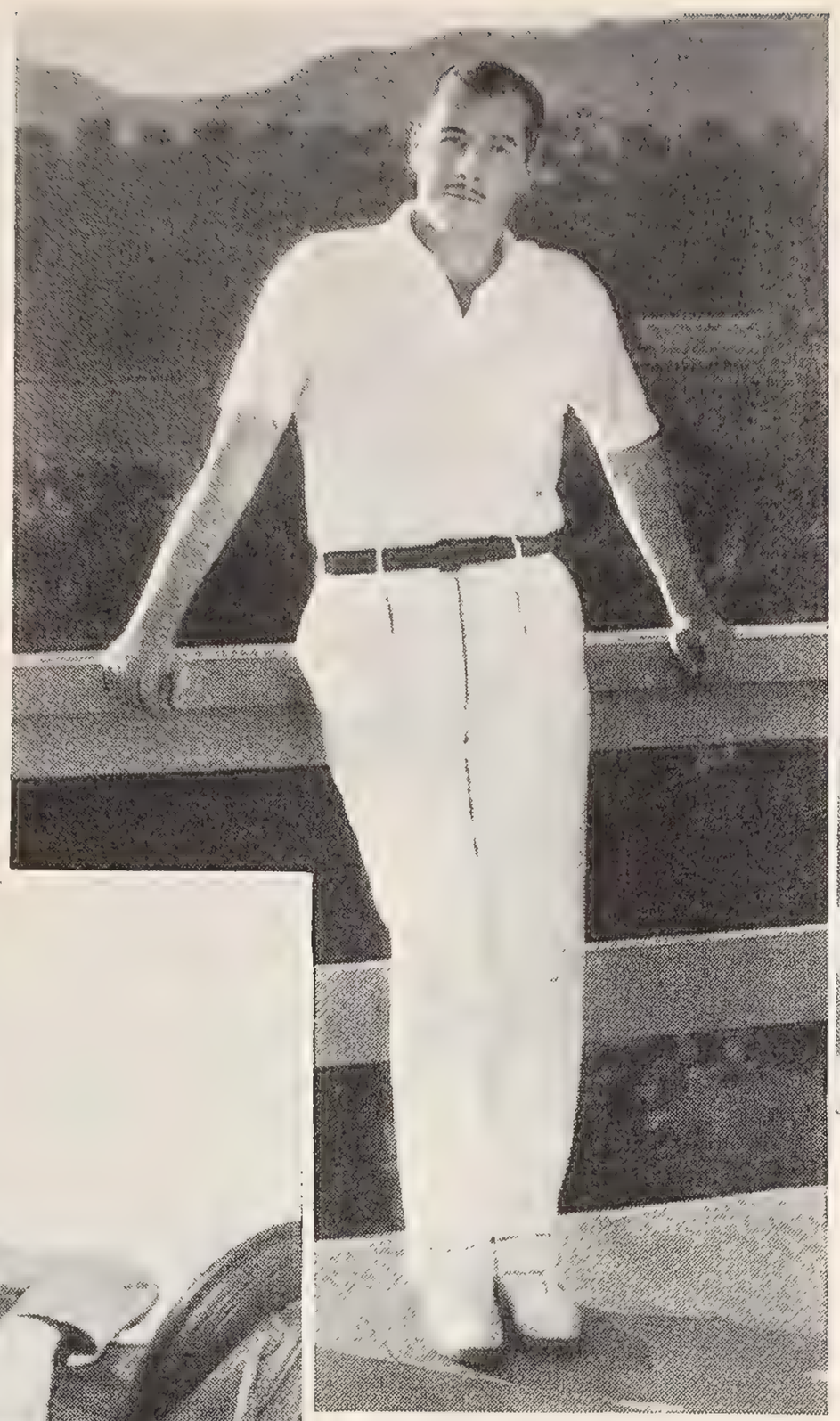
It is his way of saying thanks to a group of men who befriended him during his first lean years in Hollywood, and with whom he has remained friendly ever since. His career began, you know, as a cowboy extra. At that time, fourteen years ago, there were four or five hundred of these players who were kept steadily at work in pictures. Each evening they would gather around the "old watering hole" on Cahuenga Boulevard to discuss cattle and the next day's calls. A picturesque assembly they were. From their ranks emerged many now famous actors—Jack Holt, Walter Brennan, Richard Dix, Tom Mix, Warner Baxter—but fate was not so kind to many others. Through the years, studio calls for such players have dwindled until today only about twenty such calls go out daily.

A lot of these men have suffered untold hardships. Almost any night some of them are to be found, curled up in their blankets on the bare ground, sleeping under the stars of Hollywood's hills. Unable to afford lodging, too proud to accept charity, they get along as best they can. All of their former compatriots who have earned fame (the Warner Baxter-Richard Dix crowd) have made efforts to get them work and help as much as possible; but it remained

for Gary Cooper to think of the cooperative ranch idea.

"It's just an experiment," drawled Gary. "A chance to give my friends a living between pictures and to prove they're not washed up. . . . Did you know that Maria Veronica is just her tentative title? We haven't decided what we'll finally name her. We had to have some name for hospital records, but when we christen her we'll probably change it."

He stopped to roll another cigaret. "I'm buying a piece of land out near Triunfo a few miles north of Hollywood—good cow country around Triunfo—for the boys. Each man will own a share of the ranch. I'll equip it, stock it with good herds, build a community mess hall and a dormitory for about fifty men. Then I'll turn them loose to see what they can do with it. If they make the thing go, it's theirs. If they lose, I'll turn the ranch over to a new bunch of cowboys. The experiment won't cost



Other Cycles In Pictures Wax And Wane, But Westerns Go On Forever. Cowboys Never Lose Their Friends.

(Left) Walter Brennan once rode the range as one of the picture cowboys—now the pictures "ride" on him. (Above) Jack Holt has been out of the cowboy class for a long time. (Right) Richard Dix is a veteran and still in there working year after year.

me much, and it will give a lot of my pals a new lease on life.

"Did you know I was going up to Triunfo to close a deal for the land the day the baby came? Yeah. Had all my plans made when the little tyke announced she was on the way. . . ."

Actual cash outlay for the ranch will be in the neighborhood of $25,000; but Gary expects to get every penny of it back in time. He will take no part in the management. It is up to each individual owner to handle his share. A supervisor will manage selling of stock and such details, but aside from that the men will be absolutely on their own. Each member must show a profit at the end of a year; how much, Gary doesn't care.

"If it's a dime, O. K." says he. "If it's a hundred dollars or a thousand, fine. Say, having a baby is expensive, isn't it? But it's worth it! You know, we're painting the nursery specially for her. Waited till she was born so we'd know whether to have it pink or blue. That is convenient, too, because by the time Sandra and the youngster get home from the hospital the work will be finished and they won't be bothered by the smell of fresh paint and a lot of confusion."

Cooper emphasizes that, while he does not expect to benefit personally from the ranch, it definitely is not charity. Cowboys don't take charity. This venture is an experiment to test the soundness of cooperative cattle raising. All earnings will go to the men who run it. When Gary insists that the ranch show returns, it is merely because he wants to be sure that it is peopled by worthy men, that they actually are benefitting and that his idea is workable.

"I will keep the deeds to the property," he explained, swinging one leg over the arm of his chair. "When the boys begin making money, they can buy me out at exactly what it cost me. The total cost of each piece—each cowboy's holdings—will be computed. That is the amount I expect to receive. Terms depend upon the men. Some will make more money than others. They will be able to pay for their portions more quickly."

There has been no specific limit set to the number of men who will people the ranch. At times, it may be as many as forty or fifty; at other times, four or five. The idea is to give them a place to live and a means of earning between picture engagements. When one has a job on a film, the others will tend his herds until he can return.

Without thought of material gain, Gary will probably nevertheless receive a tremendous spiritual profit from the purchase of his property; for there will always be a bunk awaiting him in the community dormitory. Whenever he chooses to visit the ranch, the actor will probably receive a warm welcome.

Although he was born and raised in a home of culture and refinement, Gary will forever be a cowboy at heart. He loves the great open spaces, cattle, eating at chuck wagons. When the life of society into which his wife (the former Veronica "Sandra Shaw" Balfe of New York's Blue Book) fits so well, palls, Gary can always escape for a few hours to his ranch. It will undoubtedly fill a need in his life which all the love and thrill of his beautiful home, his wife and baby, can never hope to overcome.

Riding the range with him will be his most loyal friends, the cowboy pals who shared the first lean years in Hollywood with him. But, cowboys, please don't mob Gary with requests for a bunk at the ranch. Remember, I promised to tell you that all the bunks are already taken.

"It was a terribly difficult task," Gary sighed, "to be forced to leave out many whom I would like to accommodate on the ranch. But it just had to be done. There simply isn't room for everyone."

By the time he finished his tale, the set lights had long been turned off for the day. The Tartars had stormed the Great Wall of China, gun powder had been invented, and one by one the members of the crew had wandered off the stage, leaving us in lonely solitude. I rose to go. Gary didn't even notice.

"And by the way," he was saying. "Wait till you see my baby. She's the cutest. . . ."

I tip-toed out, leaving the notoriously silent Gary Cooper talking to the dusky shadows of the huge sound stage. Never again will I accuse Gary of reticence. With anyone who shows interest in his daughter, he's a regular phonograph!

REVIEW

PORTIA ON TRIAL

CRISP COURTROOM DRAMA—*Republic*

IF IT'S drama you want, here it is played right up to the hilt by an excellent cast. Frieda Inescourt plays Portia Merriman, a very successful and respected woman lawyer, whose past is a mystery. But in a bitter feud with a publisher her past crops up, as it has a habit of doing in the cinema, and it seems that seventeen years before she married the publisher's no-account son and when she left him was forced to surrender her baby son.

The ex-husband, played by Neil Hamilton, returns to New York with the son and a new girl friend, Heather Angel. She shoots him and Frieda defends her in a most thrilling and dynamic courtroom scene. Walter Abel is splendid as the district attorney, ditto Clarence Kolb as the newspaper publisher, and Barbara Pepper as a snappy witness.

CONQUEST

THE GREAT ROMANCE IN NAPOLEON'S LIFE—*M-G-M*

HERE'S one of the best pictures of the year, or of any year you may care to bring up, and if you don't go stark staring mad over it as I did I shall be frightfully disappointed in you. There has never been a Napoleon on stage or screen that could possibly compare with Charles Boyer's perfect characterization, so perfect is it that you forget that there is an actor named Charles Boyer and are utterly convinced you are seeing Napoleon himself.

As the Countess Walewska Garbo is delightfully feminine and flirtatious, gradually rising to great heights in her dramatic renunciation scene. The picture tells the story, and authentically too, of Napoleon's meeting with Marie Walewska (the eighteen-year-old wife of a wealthy Polish patriot) in Warsaw during the most successful period of his life.

After a very curt and impassioned courtship Walewska finally surrenders to the Emperor when he promises her that her country will benefit by it. Her elderly husband divorces her, and the two famous lovers carry on their romance in Austria

Dorothea Kent and Wendy Barrie in "A Girl With Ideas." The Fourth Estate goes dramatic.

and Paris against an impressive, historical background. But Napoleon is consumed with ambition, a reckless urge for more and more power, and his one desire is a son to carry on his dynasty. He divorces Josephine and marries Marie Louise, a silly Hapsburg princess, and Walewska realizes for the first time what an arrogant social climbing little man he is, and leaves him, bearing his son in secret.

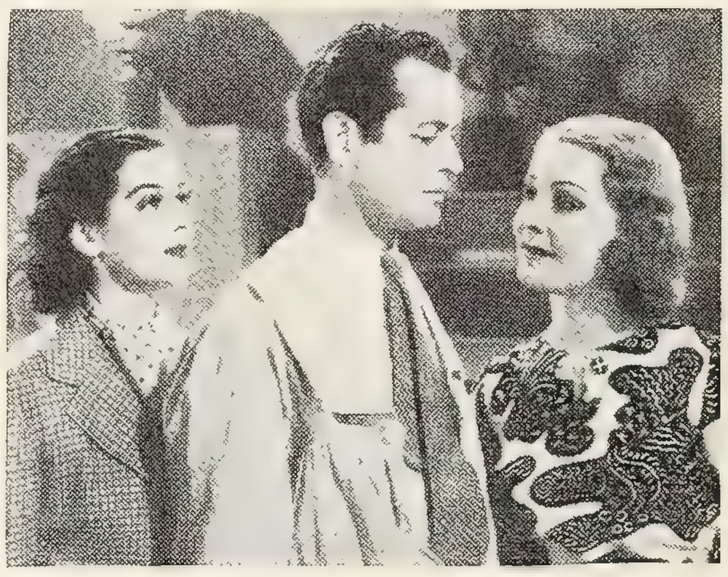
However, when Napoleon's world crashes about him and he is banished to the Isle of Elba Walewska returns to him with their son, but their idyllic happiness is again destroyed by his urge for power. According to this story, it was Walewska who arranged for Napoleon's escape from Elba—which startled Europe to such a feverish pitch and led to the final tragedy at St. Helena. In the excellent supporting cast are Reginald Owen as Tallyrand, Henry Stephenson as Count Walewska, Dame May Whitty as Napoleon's mother, Leif Erickson as Garbo's brother, and Claude Gillingwater as a family servant. Marie Ouspenskayo as Count Walewska's sister is superb in a magnificent comedy scene where she catches Napoleon cheating at cards.

THE BARRIER

A RE-MAKE OF A FAMOUS STORY—*Par.*

REX BEACH'S red-blooded story of the Northwest, where men are men and gold is gold, comes to the screen as sort of a Western with de luxe trimmings. The locale is Alaska in the gold rush days and the story concerns Necia, played by Jean Parker, a lovely young girl who believes that she is the daughter of Robert Barrat and a squaw. She falls in love with Jimmy Ellison, a lieutenant at the local Army Post, but realizes that because of her Indian blood marriage with the handsome officer is impossible.

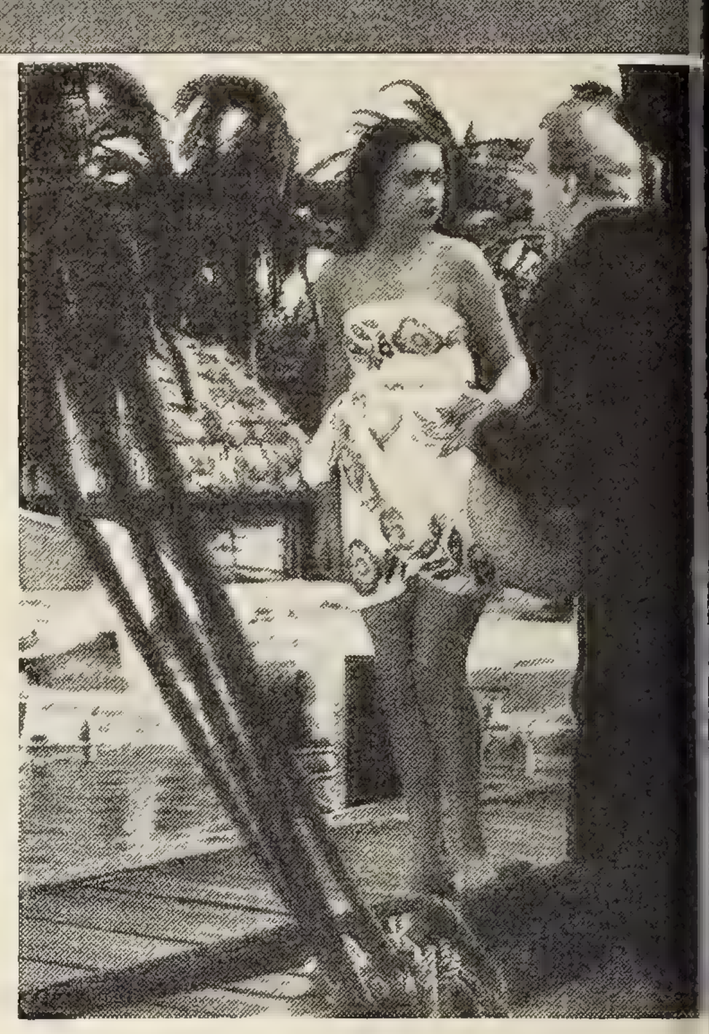
But, of course, as it always happens in all the best stories of the Northwest, Jean's real father (Otto Kruger) appears on the scene, recognizes the man who once kidnaped his little girl, and after a good fight in the Rex Beach tradition, Barrat confesses that Jean is not his child and certainly not a half-breed.



Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery and Helen Vinson in "Live, Love and Learn." As usual, the Beauty is the teacher.

An important part in the picture is played by Leo Carrillo as a French Canadian trapper, an exuberant, friendly fellow, secretly in love with Jean, but who gallantly refuses to press his suit when he discovers that she loves the handsome army officer. Excellent in small parts are Sara Haden and Andy Clyde. If you like the red-blooded stuff this is your meat.

Neil Hamilton and Frieda Inescourt in "Portia on Trial." She is the lawyer in the dynamic courtroom scene.



LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN

WHEREIN ART STEPS DOWN FROM ITS GARRET—*M-G-M*

A SMART comedy that has its serious moments, but not for long. Robert Montgomery plays a boyish fun-loving young artist who takes his Art so seriously that he prefers to live in a garret and starve rather than cheapen himself. Rosalind Russell, a very wealthy young lady, falls desperately in love with him and when she learns that she can't coax him out of his garret she literally throws her pocketbook away, marries him, and moves in.

Joined by the slightly plastered and extremely pleasant Robert Benchley the three of them have a lot of mad merry fun together until—enter Miss Helen Vinson. Helen is a bossy society girl whom the artistic Bob finds rather attractive and before he recovers his senses she has made him a society portrait painter, rich and insincere. But Rosalind and Benchley manage to put the screws on Helen before Bob is totally lost, and there's a happy ending.

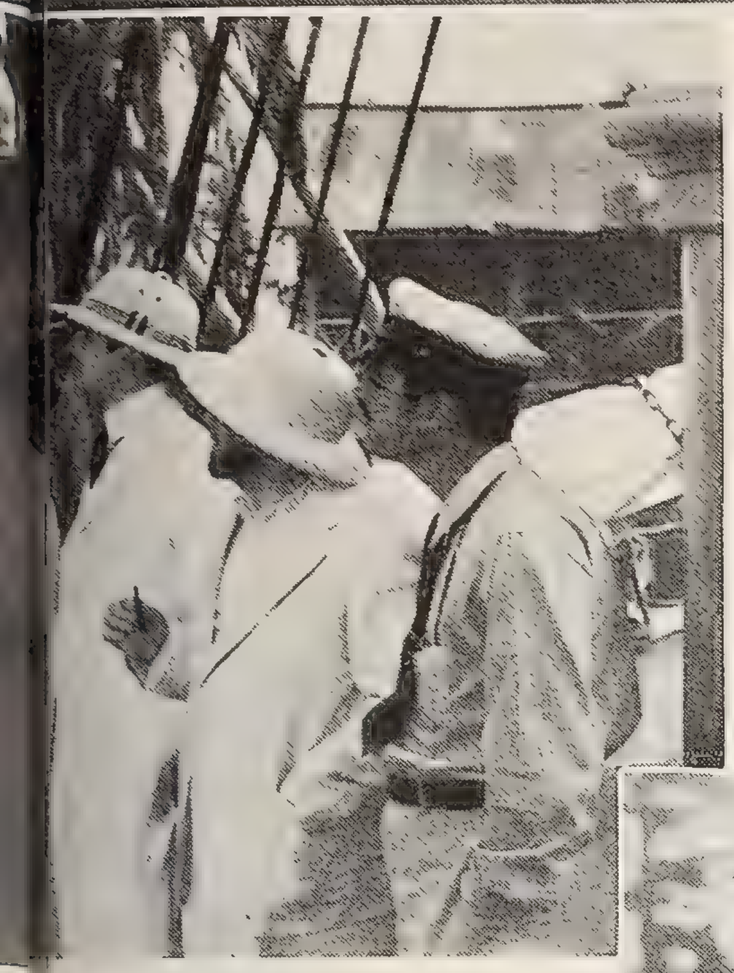
THE HURRICANE

A DRAMATIC AND HIGHLY ABSORBING TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS—*UA*

MR. GOLDWYN presents a new star on the screen, a horrible, fascinating, sensational new star—a South Seas storm. Never has there been anything like it on the screen before—even the earthquake in "San Francisco" seems but milk and water after the destructive fury of Mr. Goldwyn's hurricane, which rages magnificently and horribly for all of twenty minutes. Personally I shall keep away from the South Sea Islands. The picture opens on board a Trans-Pacific liner and we see in the distance a treeless uninhabited bit of land. The doctor then tells its history.

The story is that of Terangi, a South Sea island native, played by Jon Hall, who is loved by his people and especially by Dorothy Lamour, his island bride. On a visit to Haiti he is condemned to sixteen years in prison for striking a white man, but no prison is strong enough to hold Terangi. After several unsuccessful efforts

Raymond Walburn, Richard Arlen and Marjorie Reynolds in "Murder in Greenwich Village." And romance is kept waiting.



"The Hurricane" will go roaring across the world. Left to right, Dorothy Lamour, C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Astor, Raymond Massey, Thomas Mitchell and Jerome Cowan. (Right) James Ellison, Jean Parker and Leo Carrillo in "The Barrier."

to escape he finally manages it and returns to his home island, which is governed by a French literalist of the law, Raymond Massey, who considers it his duty to arrest Terangi and return him to his Haiti prison. But in the midst of the manhunt—comes the deluge, and what a deluge.

Terangi proves himself a hero, saves his family and the governor's wife, Mary Astor, and the storm over, once more he is allowed to lead his life of freedom.

Also in the excellent cast are C. Aubrey Smith as a priest who dies with his congregation when the hurricane strikes his church, Jerome Cowan as the captain of Terangi's boat, and Thomas Mitchell as a muchly loved doctor, extremely tolerant of the natives. It is a superbly done picture and bound to be one of the most important films of the year. And what a thrill that storm is.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S REVENGE

THIS WILL KEEP YOU FROM YAWNING—*Par.*

ANOTHER of the thrilling and highly successful Bulldog Drummond pictures. Bulldog Drummond, again well played by John Howard, is on his way to meet Louise Campbell, whom he is about to marry, when he stops off to greet Colonel Nielson and bumps right smack into a new mystery adventure.

John Barrymore makes a grand Colonel Nielson and again, thank goodness, Reginald Denny is allowed to play the rather goofy but not so dumb Algy, and E. E. Clive the indispensable Tenny, Bulldog's valet.

Scotland Yard has learned that an attempt is to be made to steal the formulae of a new explosive, and despite all precautions the theft takes place. Most of the action of the picture takes place on a Dover-to-Calais boat train on which the thieves are fleeing to Paris—but they reckon without Bulldog, Algy, and Tenny who are also on the train. The adventures come fast and furiously.

A GIRL WITH IDEAS

ANOTHER BRISK NEWSPAPER COMEDY—*U.*

WENDY BARRIE plays a rich young society girl who wins a newspaper by default of judgment in a libel suit. Comedy revolves around the efforts of the former owner to bankrupt the paper so he can buy it back for practically nothing, and the efforts of the managing editor, who has fallen in love with his pretty boss, to fill it with sensationally successful stories. The warring young newspaper men are Walter Pidgeon and Kent Taylor. There's a swell comedy sequence which involves the kidnaping of George Barbier, Wendy's father, who doesn't mind being kidnaped at all, in fact he rather fancies it.

CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO

AN EXCITING ADDITION TO THE CHAN SERIES—*20th Century-Fox*

THE locale of the newest Charlie Chan picture is Monte Carlo and that gives Charlie's number 1 son a chance to air his American French and get everybody confused, even the imperturbable Charlie. Warner Oland plays Chan again (nobody else could) and Keye Luke is once more Charlie's over-zealous son.

A feud between two rival financiers and a large shipment of bonds cause a series of murder mysteries which Charlie, handicapped not only by his son but also by Harold Huber, prefect of police of Monte Carlo, eventually solves.

Among the suspects are Virginia Field, pretty model; Robert Kent, a secretary; Kay Linaker, wife of financier Sydney Blackmer, and George Lynn, an American blackmailer. But Charlie always gets his man.

MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

WITH CUPID GETTING INVOLVED IN THE MYSTERY—*Col.*

RICHARD ARLEN plays an artist-photographer who lives in Greenwich Village, New York, and who can talk very unpleasantly when he gets aroused. He gets aroused one day when Fay Wray, a spoiled society girl, practically falls right into his arms in her hurried escape from a nearby apartment in which a man is murdered.

But Fay, petted and pampered by her rich father, Thurston Hall,

John Howard and Louise Campbell seem to be involved in a bit of a mess in "Bulldog Drummond's Revenge."

can be just as unpleasant as Dick, and so they scream at each other regularly, which means of course that they are desperately in love and will get married as soon as the murder is solved. The murdered man's gangster brother, Mark Lawrence, does the solving very satisfactorily.

The Adonis Of The Force Fell In Love With The Girl He Meant To Guard, But She Was Guilty Of Resisting An Officer.

Fictionization of "DOCTOR RHYTHM." Copyright Paramount Pictures, Inc., 1937. Produced by Emanuel Cohen and directed by Frank Tuttle. Screen Play by Jo Swerling and Richard Connell. Based on the novel by O. Henry.

NOW it is a well known fact that the American male is a gregarious animal and prone to giving and going on parties. Hence we have class reunions, held under the elms on the dear old campus or almost anywhere that a few old grads happen to get together.

William Remsen, M.D., born in Brooklyn but transplanted by his own efforts to Park Avenue, had been attending the annual reunion of the 1923 Championship Relay Team of Public School 43 and that was how he chanced to open his eyes in the midst of a flower bed in Central Park on a fine June morning.

Bill Remsen stretched mightily and found himself in a mellowed mood. The blushing sky behind the cliffs of apartment buildings of upper Fifth Avenue promised a lovely day. Leaves and blossoms glistened with the pristine dew of night's caresses. A little bird sat on a branch above his head and trilled as if it would burst its throat with melody.

Bill sat up and joined his whistle to the bird's song. Other birds took up the chorus. Idly he picked a long stemmed daffodil and, using it as a baton, led the feathered songsters. It was a fine morning! A great day! A day fit for shining deeds and falling in love!

He discovered as he whistled that close beside him a nude lady crouched, smiling wistfully up at him. That she was a marble lady—a garden statue of Ariadne—seemed particularly appropriate to his poetic mood.

Bill smiled back into the expectant face of the marble nymph. He plucked a buttercup and held it thoughtfully and teasingly under her chin. At length, like the birds, he was moved to song.

I've never been a bit romantic
Never could make a vow—

Down a bridle path, spattered with golden sequins of sunlight, through leaves and blossoms, rode a girl on a horse. A lovely horse and a lovelier girl. Her piquant face was flushed with health like the morning sky; like the horse she was mettlesome and wilful.

Don't go poking fun
Maybe you're the one!

sang Bill. She reined in her horse and peered about through the shrubbery for the singer.

Unaware of the girl, Bill was bowing to Ariadne and the birds when she saw him. Her laughter and applause startled him and having seen her it seemed as if he could not take his eyes off her face.

She blushed under his scrutiny, for Bill was a very presentable young doctor in spite of somewhat disheveled attire that was due to the recent class reunion. Smiling, she took a coin from her pocket, flipped it at him and cantered away on her horse.

Bill strode to the bridle path and watched her out of sight. Then he stared at the coin, grinned and pocketed it. He sighed to find himself alone. The world seemed very empty without this girl near.

The three other members of the Championship Relay Team of Public School 43 were waiting for Bill at the seal pool. Al, who was the nightkeeper of the zoo and thus, in a sense, host of this reunion, had survived the party very creditably. Tooter also was looking chirpy. Classmate Tooter earned his livelihood dispensing chocolate covered Frozen Joys to the young men of Manhattan.

It was the fourth member of the team that had made P.S. 43 famous who was giving them all concern. Patrolman Lawrence M.

Judy (Mary Carlisle) was as radiant as the morning sky. (Above) Mrs. Twombly (Laura Hope Carews), Lorelei Dodge-Blodgett (Beatrice Lillie), and Dr. Remsen (Bing Crosby) masquerading as Policeman O'Roon.

The characters in the picture are played by famous players. See cast at the end of the story.

LOVE FOOLS HER BODYGUARD

By Jack Bechdolt

"You must drop in again sometime," smiled Judy at the enthralled policeman.

O'Roon of New York's finest had gone blotto. Decidedly he was unfit for duty and his teammates had just discovered on his person official orders for the day. Inspector Brice had detailed Patrolman O'Roon to special duty as bodyguard at the residence of Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett, 26 Sutton Place. He was to report at 10.30 o'clock.

The three old classmates stared at the paper and stared at Larry O'Roon. He couldn't make it. And if he was not on duty at Mrs. Dodge-Blodgetts at 10.30 sharp he would be disgraced and fired from the force!

Blood is thicker than water, but the sentimental ties engendered in those who attend Public School 43 are thick as glue and twice as strong. Larry O'Roon had to be saved from discovery and disgrace.

"I'll do it," said Bill. "We wear about the same size clothes. And any cop in a uniform looks just like any other cop. Call a taxi, Al. We'll get him over to my office and let him sleep it off on my operating table. So far as Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett is concerned there isn't going to be one sullying smudge upon the badge of Policeman O'Roon."

At half past ten o'clock to the minute Dr. William Remsen of Park Avenue rang the door bell at 26 Sutton Place in the guise and uniform of Larry O'Roon. He had to neglect his patients to do it, but he didn't much mind that. Mostly his patients were ladies bothered with just one trouble, too much idleness and too much money. He did his best to cure them of both, but on a June day like this that had started so brightly with that glimpse of a pretty girl in the park, his patients afflicted him with a pain in the neck.

Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett was a lady of money and lively middle-age who had endeared herself to the entire police force of the big city by organizing benefits for the department's pension fund. She had a lot on her mind when the butler announced Bill, for this was the day of the big benefit show at Silver Pier.

"Oh," she cried, "you're that officer O'Roon, the bodyguard the dear commissioner promised me!"

"I am that, mum," said Bill in his best imitation of Larry O'Roon's brogue. "And 'tis sure I am ye need a bodyguard, for 'tis plain as day that ivery man that sees ye must want to steal ye!"

"Oh, tush!" said Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett. "It's not my body you're guarding. You'll be looking after my niece, Judy Marlowe." She led Bill to a photograph on the piano. "There," she said. "That's Judy."

"Is *she* in danger?" Bill gasped, staring at the figure pictured in riding habit. It was the girl who had applauded his serenade in Central Park.

"Frightful danger. She thinks she's in love. She's threatening to run away with the man—and he's wanted by the police. Chris LeRoy, a gambler and card sharp, indicted in the Rothberg gambling scandal and jumped his bail!" Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett fixed him with an anxious eye. "You'll stick to her, O'Roon? No matter where she goes, what she does, you'll stay right beside her and keep her from running off with LeRoy?"

"Don't you worry, I'll stick," Bill said joyously and forgot O'Roon's accent at the prospect.

Mrs. Twombly, one of Dr. Remsen's patients, dropped in on her friend, Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett, and to her consternation discovers that Policeman O'Roon bears a startling resemblance to her favorite doctor.

After Mrs. Blodgett rescued her knitting, the ladies withdrew.

Bill was singing to himself softly when Judy Marlowe came down the broad stair. It was another little song he had just learned:

If you wonder why I'm near you
Even though I've been denied. . . .

Judy paused on the stair until he had done. He looked very handsome. There is a tradition that policemen have big feet and are dumb, but Bill didn't look like that to her.

"Oh," she said when the song ended, "so you sing indoors, too?"

"Anywhere they let me," Bill said agreeably.

"Telephone, Miss Judy," said Cowley, the butler. Cowley had been apprised of the household crisis by Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett. When Judy had gone to answer the telephone he hissed in Bill's ear, "It's that guy, LeRoy." He thrust an extension phone at Bill and Bill listened in while Judy made a date to meet the gambler at a sidewalk cafe.

Judy returned from her telephoning, looking as innocent as the cat that swallowed the canary. "Sorry I can't stop to hear you sing some more, Mr. O'Roon. You must drop in again, sometime."

Bill bowed. When Judy moved to the door, he moved with her and held it for her. When she crossed the pavement to her car, he held that door. Nice of him, she thought. But when Bill seated himself beside her in the car, there was a warning glitter in her eye.

"Just where do you think you're going?" she demanded.

"Any place you go," said Bill. "Commissioner's orders. I'm your bodyguard."

"Oh . . ." said Judy slowly and thoughtfully. There was a world of menace in that one small word.

Chris LeRoy was waiting for Judy at the Cafe Angelo. Forewarned by Judy's swift glance and the presence of a strapping blue uniformed cop at her side, he made no attempt to recognize her. But when Judy sent Bill on a wild goose chase after a fake LeRoy the gambler stepped to her table and spoke swiftly.

"Darling, my yacht's waiting with steam up, down the bay."

"I'll be aboard by sunset, darling," Judy whispered.

"But how can you do it with that big Irish cop sticking beside you?"

"I'll do it," said Judy in a tone that meant she would. And then she discovered that Bill, under guise of tying her shoelace,

had handcuffed her ankle to the table.

That day was not very eventful in the life of Larry O'Roon, sleeping peacefully on the operating table in Bill Remsen's office. But it proved decidedly interesting to the man who wore the coat and badge of the patrolman.

Shopping, lunching, strolling, Bill followed Judy as per orders. Every hour she grew more irritated with his company and every hour he found she had new graces and beauties and a charm that made him giddy.

When Judy's eyes noted the sign of a travel bureau advertising a Bermuda tour, they lighted wickedly. "Just the place for Chris and me to spend our honeymoon," she said to Bill.

"But you're not going to marry that bum, Judy!"

"You think so?" Judy said, poison sweet. "I'm of age. You can't stop me leaving this country."

"No," Bill sighed. "I'm afraid I can't."

Judy went into the travel bureau and reserved the bridal suite. Then, while Bill's attention was elsewhere she whispered to the clerk. She learned that she could leave the Bermuda boat when it paused to drop the pilot. Now all she had to do was get word to LeRoy to have a tender from the yacht waiting to take her off.

But though he appeared interested in folders and time tables, Bill was not day dreaming. He noted the whispered colloquy and noted the name of the clerk Judy talked to. When they returned to her aunt's home Bill instructed Cowley the butler to make inquiries.

Judy packed her trunks and Bill helped her, humming:

My heart is taking lessons
Learning how to sing

Judy slammed the last lid and locked it.

"Well," said Bill, "I'm off."

"Where to?" she asked, surprised.

"To call up the Commissioner and tell him I'm a flop."

"Poor thing!" she smiled, mimicking his song. "Well, goodbye, O'Roon. You've been a good watch dog."

"And you're going to be the world's biggest idiot if you marry a heel like LeRoy," said Bill and strolled out to find what Cowley had learned.

Glistening with white paint, loaded deep with holiday seekers, the Bermuda steamship threaded her way out of New York's harbor and paused to drop her pilot. Below, beside the pilot boat, bobbed a tender from the Sea Horse, LeRoy's yacht. Judy skipped down a Jacob's ladder, mentally thumbing her nose at the big, handsome cop who thought he was going to interfere with her romance.

The yacht's tender moved off toward the Sea Horse and the Bermuda boat went on. Then there came the roar of an exhaust

A clerk (Franklin Pangborn) and Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett are intrigued.

ANNOUNCEMENT

There is one man in pictures who has gone farther, accomplished more and won more friends than any other player in Hollywood in an equal number of pictures. Letters come in defending him, but that is not necessary. No one is attacking this lad. In fact the fans are very much for him and so—The February Silver Screen will contain a remarkable story by Elizabeth Wilson on this well loved artist. Do not miss this biographical personality Projection article on Nelson Eddy.

* * *

We do not begrudge an artist his due of the well worn complimentary adjectives, but the fact is that our hearts warm to players who have some of the human failings as well. Read an interesting article about the strange fears that haunt some of the players. You will be surprised to learn that the much "glamoured" girls of pictures are afraid of certain things. And they can't help it. Perhaps you have the same queer feeling about high places that Joan Crawford has. Read "Scared" by Gordon R. Silver in the next issue of Silver Screen.

* * *

The February number will have many interesting stories and articles on the personalities of the players and the studios, illustrated with a rich selection of the finest photographs.

like ripping up a cobble street. A police launch shot alongside the tender. In it were Bill and the real Larry O'Roon in person.

"You transfer here, Sister," said Larry.

"You can't kidnap me!" Judy cried, furiously.

"We can't, but we have," Larry answered and to save further argument tapped her gently over the head with the butt of his service pistol. Judy slid limply into Bill's outstretched arms.

"You can take me to the Sea Horse," Larry said, transferring himself to the tender. "I've business with Chris LeRoy." Bill turned the police launch toward shore, steering with one arm about his dazed Judy.

She had recovered from the anaesthetic of Larry's love tap before they reached Silver Pier, glittering in the dusk with all its Coney Island attractions. By the time they got ashore Bill had heard enough of Judy's opinion of him to singe his ears off.

"Maybe you're just hungry?" Bill said, trying to restore peace. "Have a hot dog?" He stopped to buy a pair and Judy slipped away in the crowd. Bill gave chase. She was just darting into the Honeymoon tunnel concession. A train of boats was pulling out from the loading platform and Bill flipped aboard the last one just as it plunged into total blackness. He settled down close beside Judy.

Bill leaned closer and he had ceased to take matters lightly. "I've spent the day keeping you away from the wrong man, Judy," he said. "I'm going to spend the rest of my life keeping you close to the right man. That's me."

"You're crazy!" Judy gasped.

"Right," said Bill. "I'm as completely batty about you as any man has ever been about any woman in the history of the world.

"Maybe I never saw you till this morning," he went on passionately, "but I've known you all my life. I've sung just to you; I've waited just for you."

Judy gave him a blighting look and stepped ashore at Honeymoon Cottage. Bill stepped ashore, too. Judy's eyes darted about, seeking an escape from the madman. She tried the door of Honeymoon Cottage. It opened and she darted through, Bill following.

The door of the painted cottage was the exit door onto the pier and they stepped out among the strolling crowds. Judy fled headlong toward the theater where her aunt was presiding over the annual police benefit show. Bill followed after.

Larry O'Roon, meantime, had met a lively reception aboard the Sea Horse. Overpowered by LeRoy's crew, the patrolman escaped finally by jumping overboard and swimming to the pier. And LeRoy, learning that Judy had been taken ashore, followed swiftly in the yacht's tender. All concerned reached the police benefit show at about the same time.

Judy fled to the refuge of her aunt's box. There she sat watching the show and thinking over the recent impertinences of the man she supposed was Patrolman O'Roon. She wasn't so mad at Bill as she had been. In fact she had to smile rather wistfully when she remembered how devotedly he had tried all day to keep her away from Chris LeRoy. Perhaps he was in love with her, as he had said! Judy mused over this possibility and found it not unattractive. Just then she spied Bill making his way toward her. In a panic she rose to escape him.

On the stage Marvelous Marko the Magician was about to demonstrate his magic cabinet. He asked the assistance of a young lady from the audience and his eye invited Judy. She hastened to the stage.

"Now," said Marko, "I shall place this little lady in the cabinet and make her disappear right before the eyes of five thousand cops."

Judy gasped. Under the grease paint and false whiskers she recognized Marko. He was Chris LeRoy! He whispered to her, "Get in the cabinet, Judy. When I spring the secret panel you slip outside and wait for me. The tender's waiting to rush us back to the yacht."

"But, Chris," she gasped. "Chris, I've got something to tell you. Chris, I've changed my mind . . ."

It was too late. LeRoy slammed her into the cabinet. The door closed upon her.

"Presto changeo!" said the supposed magician. "The young lady has completely vanished. You shall see!"

He threw open the door to the cabinet and a roar of delighted laughter shook the theater. Inside the magic chamber Judy was clasped in the arms of Bill who was kissing her with whole hearted thoroughness.

While the astounded trickster gazed open mouthed on this unexpected happy ending the real Larry O'Roon dashed from the wings and snapped the handcuffs on him. The honor of the O'Roons had been kept untarnished.

THE CAST

Bill Remsen	Bing Crosby
Judy	Mary Carlisle
Lorelei Dodge-Blodgett	Beatrice Lillie
Policeman O'Roon	Andy Devine
Mrs. Twombly	Laura Hope Carews
Butler	Frank Elliott
Tooter	Louis Armstrong
Mr. Martingale	Bill Austin
Luke	Sterling Holloway
J. Vincent Price	John Hamilton
Vic LeRoy	Fred Keating
Mr. Coldwater	Harold Minjir
Store Clerk	Franklin Pangborn
Sgt. Olson	Emery Parnell
Otis Eaton	Henry Wadsworth

Seeing The Sets, Studying The Studios And Peeking At The Pictures In Work —With

S. R. Mook

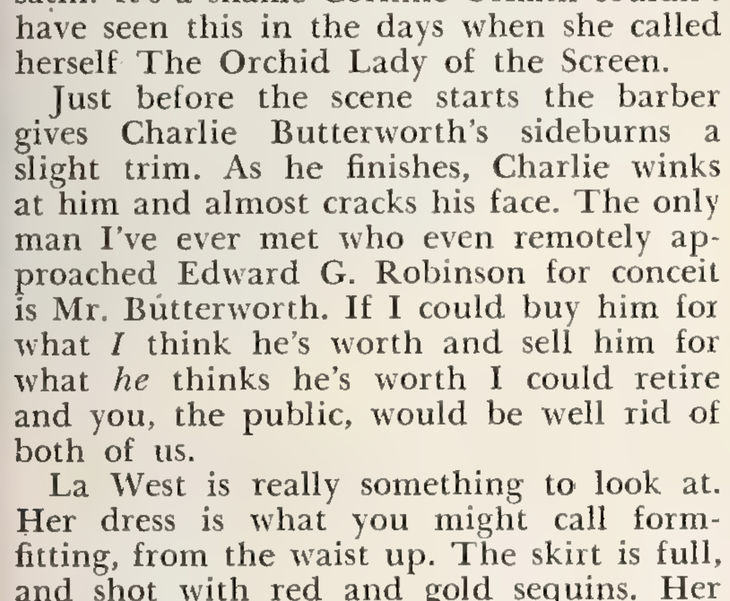
WE'RE having our seasonal California fogs and the sky is heavily overcast but, for me, the sun is shining as I scan the production schedules of the various studios. There are encouragingly few pictures shooting so I *should* have an easy time of it this month. There is most doing at Paramount so we might as well start here and get the worst over with.

Emanuel Cohen, head of Major Productions has two pictures going, for Paramount release. They are "Every Day's A Holiday" starring Mae West, and "Doctor Rhythm" starring Bing Crosby.

The scene of the former is Mae's dressing room in a theatre. And *such* a dressing room you never saw before on land or sea—even in the movies. The walls are tufted lavender satin. The drapes are gold satin. It's a shame Corinne Griffith couldn't have seen this in the days when she called herself The Orchid Lady of the Screen.

Just before the scene starts the barber gives Charlie Butterworth's sideburns a slight trim. As he finishes, Charlie winks at him and almost cracks his face. The only man I've ever met who even remotely approached Edward G. Robinson for conceit is Mr. Butterworth. If I could buy him for what *I* think he's worth and sell him for what *he* thinks he's worth I could retire and you, the public, would be well rid of both of us.

La West is really something to look at. Her dress is what you might call form-fitting, from the waist up. The skirt is full, and shot with red and gold sequins. Her hair ornament is made of feathers—bird of paradise—robin's egg blue and egg shell. She has on earrings that must weigh close to a ton and her necklace—on an offhand guess—I should say weighs close to two tons. When she dolls herself up she doesn't stop at any halfway measures.



Edward G. Robinson goes into business in "A Slight Case of Murder."

The King of Comics, W. C. Fields, in "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

"Here's your next mayor, boys," Mae informs them.

You can well imagine what a bombshell those few words explodes. I turn to leave and I happen to catch Mae's eyes. I wonder if I'm dreaming or did I really hear her murmur, "Come up an' see me sometime"?

"Come on," says Katie Coghlan, who is towing me around. "I know it's funny but we have other sets to cover."

So we proceed to the set of "The Big Broadcast" which marks the return of the one and only W. C. Fields to the screen. The plot of this is still a mystery—even to the director and cast. But Fields is owner of a yacht. Yesterday the captain kicked Mr. Fields out of the pilot house and Fields is rankling over it. He is on his way back there now with Grace Bradley hanging on his arm.

"Mr. Bellows!" Hicks thunders so that once more Bill jumps and the grin disappears. "There are icebergs in these waters—and other boats. We've *got* to reduce speed. If you'll step into the chart room—"

"After you, my dear captain, after you," Bill agrees, leisurely sauntering towards the door of the chart room. As the surprised Hicks steps through the door ahead of Fields, Bill hauls off and gives him a swift kick where it will do the most good. He turns once more to Grace but just as he turns, Hicks recovers his balance and returns the kick.

Bill jumps as though he'd been shot, slams the door shut and bolts it after Hicks so he can't get out. "How many feet has that guy got?" he asks, scurrying over to another door and bolting that one, too. "Let 'em find the combination to *that* lock," he mutters. Then he offers Grace his arm. "Come, my dear, let us repair to the bar—for a little refreshment."

The tough part about describing a comedy scene is that it never reads as funny as it looks. Bill has never been in finer fettle and I don't believe he has ever played a funnier scene than this.

Just as Bill made frequent and kidding references to his lawsuit on the radio, there are kidding references to the suit brought against him by the over-wrought Carlotta, who, on a secretary's pay, is recuperating at ultra-fashionable Santa Barbara.

And so we come to "Romance in The Dark" starring Gladys Swarthout and John Boles. The scene is the porch of a fashionable hotel. Gladys is an Egyptian princess and looks it. Her black velvet dress is loaded with passementerie containing every color in the rainbow and a lot of other colors that have been discovered lately. Above the waist she is practically nothing but sables.

"I hope the princess will like Budapest," Boles ventures.

"The princess is sure to enjoy Budapest," Claire Dodd puts in. "After all, we're living in the present—and Egypt is in the past."

"A great many things are in the past,"

Gladys retorts, looking straight at John. "That is why I am taking Mr. Jason away. I wish you both a very pleasant summer." And with that she turns and flounces off. Claire turns to John with an amused smile that seems to ask, "Now, what did *I* say?"

Miss Dodd is seen all too seldom on the screen for my taste, although there are those who have been associated with her at other studios who tell me she is not the easiest person in the world to work with.

Last on this lot we come to "Scandal Street" (tentative title) featuring Lew Ayres.

There's been a murder and Louise Campbell, Lew's sweetheart, is suspected. The district attorney is quizzing her and Cecil Cunningham and a couple of other neighbors are gossiping away for dear life, trying to make her seem guilty.

"Why, in all the weeks I've been here I didn't ride with Mr. Brown more than just a few times," Louise protests.

"And, as far as I can see," Lew rages at the women, "everything you've said is a lot of catty, small-town gossip."

The three women practically fry, they're so mad.

"Mr. McKnight!" the district attorney (Robert Brister) admonishes Lew.

"What if she did ride in his car?" Lew bellows. "That doesn't make her a murderess, does it?"

"That, Mr. McKnight," Brister responds, "is what we are trying to determine. I must remind you *I* am conducting this investigation and further outbursts on your part will not be tolerated."

"I guess he told me," Lew grins when the scene is over. "How are yuh?"

"Fine," I answer. "And your new house is swell!"

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," Lew comes back. "That's the way I hoped people would. For that, I'll buy you lunch."

But I haven't time for lunch. I have to scramble over to United Artists.

Only one picture going here but that's a whopper—a Samuel Goldwyn Production presented by Samuel Goldwyn—The Goldwyn Follies! And it has practically everyone in Hollywood in the cast. Well, almost. Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Kenny Baker, Ella Logan, Andrea Leeds, The Ritz Bros., Helen Jepson, Adolph Menjou, Vera Zorina and George Balanchine's American Ballet, to mention a few.

As I come on the set Andrea Leeds tells me about her fourteen months old Scotty taking first prize in the novice class at the American Kennel Show and then winning a special ribbon and being allowed to compete in the All Winners Class, where he took second place. I say, "That's very nice. I know it's a little late to be congratulating you on your work in 'Stage Door' but I think you were great."

"It's never too late to hear nice things about yourself," Andrea smiles graciously.

Below is the prima donna, Helen Jepson, as she sings in "The Goldwyn Follies." (Right) "Rosalie" is ready. Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell put on the finishing touches.

Then my guide drags me over to meet Ella Logan. "This is Dick Mook," he introduces me. "He's looking for news."

Ella gives me a searching look and says nothing. "Got any news?" I query, although I wasn't specially looking for it.

"That depends," she replies.

"Say!" Kenny ejaculates, "if we could get that bridge out of the way wouldn't that be a swell place to practice fly-casting?"

But I don't know from nothing about fly-casting and think maybe I had better collect some news. "How do you like California by now?" I inquire.

Kenny gives me a surprised look. "California is my home," he vouchsafes. "I was born in Monrovia and raised in Long Beach. Everyone thinks because I made a hit on the Jack Benny program that I came out from New York with him. But I joined him out here. I'd been singing on local stations for years."

Well, that's new! To me anyhow. Then the director calls Kenny, Andrea and Ella for a take. They're customers in his hamburger stand, it's late, he has a record playing and is singing an accompaniment to it.

That's all there is over here so I chase over to Columbia. Three pictures going here—"The Night Before" with Richard Arlen and Mary Astor; "Penitentiary," featuring Walter Connolly, Jean Parker and John Howard; and "Wonder Child," starring Edith Fellows and featuring Leo Carrillo.

There is no synopsis yet on "The Night Before" but the time is the night before Christmas. Everything in the police station is very quiet and orderly. The sergeant is sitting peacefully at his desk stacking matches on top of a beer bottle as three station policemen look on in silent admiration. Suddenly there is a terrific noise outside, the door bursts open, two sheepish looking cops are thrust into the room followed by Lionel Stander leading two goats, Dick Arlen and Mary Astor in full evening dress and Virginia Dale in a fur coat and carrying a huge bird cage with a bird in it.

"We caught them red-handed, your honor," Mary explains breathlessly to the sergeant. "We caught these officers going through a stop signal. They thought because they were officers they didn't have to obey the law."

"Get out of here before I clap you into jail," the sergeant (Paul Hurst) hollers.

"Come on, Rusty," Dick whispers to Mary. "He wants us to go."

"I dare him to clap us into jail," Mary thunders. "We dare him—don't we, Lois? Don't you see, your honor," she continues, "every citizen is a representative of the State and it's his duty to arrest anybody who breaks a law. That's civic spirit. The trouble with this country is there's not enough civic spirit."

Gladys Swarthout and John Boles in "Romance in the Dark."

the air and have her sing it in front of an audience so the public will know she really sings."

I suppose comparisons *are* odious but there are going to be plenty of them when Miss Fellows is heard and Misses Durbin and Garland had better look to their laurels.

From Columbia it's only a stone's throw to R-K-O.

So I proceed thitherward.

Three pictures shooting here but "Having Wonderful Time" is still on location. "She's Got That Swing" I told you about last month only I got it wrong. I said John Howard had the juvenile lead opposite Ann Sothern but he hasn't. Gene Raymond has. The third picture is "Women Have A Way" (tentative title). It stars Miriam Hopkins.

Miriam and her father (Henry Stephenson) are trying to get hold of her dead sister's two children. She learns they are living with their young uncle (Ray Milland) in Greenwich Village and, since he is their legal guardian, there is nothing they can do about it so long as he can support them. But Miriam has a determination second only to Nancy Carroll's and Joan Crawford's. She dresses up in her oldest clothes and goes down to the Village, gets herself a room in the same house with Ray and then strikes up an acquaintance with him. She puts on some Bohemian costume and goes with Ray and Big Boy Williams to a cafe run by Mamma Tonelli. Mamma pays them each $3 an evening to sit there because, the way they're dressed, they're the kind of people tourists expect to see in a Greenwich Village restaurant. But they spend their $3 for liquor and get high.

Miriam's earrings are even heavier than those worn by Mae West. In fact, they're a load. When she got home the other night she kept lifting her head up slowly. Her new husband asked what was the matter. "I guess I thought I still had on my earrings," she laughed.

"Get out of here!" Hurst repeats.

"We demand justice!" Mary screams, pounding with her fist on his desk. As soon as she pounds the desk it shakes all the matches down. And in the very next shot we see them all in jail. The sergeant has taken them up on Mary's dare—which is exactly what she wanted.

"Penitentiary" is a re-make of "The Criminal Code" and the scene I witness is not very important. It is simply where Connolly arrives to assume his new duties as Warden of the penitentiary.

Time is marching on and it seems unlikely they'll be doing anything more important here for some time so we amble on over to "Wonder Child." Enroute, I learn that Fanmag Fanya, the erstwhile Mad Hatter of the Columbia Publicity Department, is acting as the only woman war correspondent in China.

Offstage, as soon as the scene is finished they start a playback which I recognize as an aria "Cara Nome" from Rigoletto. "Who's singing that?" I ask Marge Decker.

"Edith," Marge beams.

"Edith!" I gasp. "I never knew she could sing."

"She's been taking lessons for years," Marge explains proudly, "but the studio would never let her sing before. Now she's singing that aria in this picture and when it's released they're going to put her on

I recently did an interview with Mr. Milland on what the well dressed man will wear but I'm sure if the editor of the magazine had caught a load of Ray in this smock he's wearing, Ray would never have been the one selected as an authority on this subject.

There being naught else of interest to see on this lot, we proceed to Twentieth Century-Fox.

There are five pictures shooting here, but two of them—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" starring Shirley Temple, and "Love and Hisses" starring Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie are closed to visitors, and another, "Thank You, Mr. Moto," starring Peter Lorre. But we still have two to see—"Checkers" starring Jane Withers and "Happy Ending" starring Sonja Henie.

"Checkers" is Jane's most pretentious picture to date and has the best cast. Una Merkel and Stuart Erwin play the leads with her.

Blue Skies, a race horse, Stu Erwin (the owner) and his niece *Checkers* (Jane) are a happy-go-lucky trio who frequent the race tracks. They are on their way to the home of *Checker's Aunt Mamie* (Una) whom Stu has been courting without success for seven years because she doesn't approve of horse-racing.

Jane bursts into the house and grabs Una around the neck. "Gee, it's great to see you again!" Jane explodes.

"I wasn't expecting you until tomorrow," Una replies, returning the embrace.

And then Jane notices Andrew Tombes standing by with some lemonade and glasses on a tray. "So I notice," Jane remarks, a decided chill creeping into her voice.

Tombes takes this as a reference to his presence, glares at her and leaves.

"Come on and stay for lunch with me?" Una invites me.

So we go over to the Brown Derby for lunch and give the whole town a good going over. Or, at least, I do. Una just listens. Finally the talk gets around to her picture. "There are two other children in it besides Jane," she says, "and I don't see how the poor little things can stand it. They have to go to school a certain number of hours a day so they have a teacher on the set. And the children are jerked from the teacher to the camera and back again to their lessons so fast it's a wonder they don't start reciting their lines to the teacher and their lessons to the microphone." She glanced hastily at her watch. "I have to get back to the set, Dick. Will you come along or do you have to go?"

"I have to go, worse luck," I grumble. "I gotta work, too."

So I beat it to the next stage where Sonja Henie and Don Ameche are work-

Mary Astor, Richard Arlen, Lionel Stander and Paul Hurst in "The Night Before."

ing in "Happy Landing."

Cesar Romero is an egocentric song writer and band leader. Ameche is his manager. They try to fly the Atlantic, get lost in a fog, land in Norway, meet Sonja. Cesar dances twice with her at the Bride's Fair (and dancing twice with a girl at that fair means an engagement), escape to Paris when they learn the significance of his dances and then proceed to America. One evening as Don is on his way through the hotel lobby in immaculate evening dress, he sees Sonja sitting grimly on a lounge waiting for Cesar. She has followed him to America—a tigress on the hunt, the Atlantic was no barrier.

Sonja is convinced Don turned Cesar against her.

"Why did you take him away from me?" she demands.

"I?" he exclaims in surprise. "Why should I do that?"

"Because you spoil everything beautiful in his life. But you're not going to do it any more. I ran away from home to come to him—and I'm going to stay right here until I see him." And with that she seats herself firmly on the couch.

"Don't you think you were a little hasty, running away from home?" Don asks gently.

"No! I love him—and he loves me!"

"I see." He sits down beside her. "I hate to do this, but you'd better get it straight. After all, he's not a baby. If he really wanted to see you do you think I or anybody else could have prevented him from going back to you?" Don argues, trying to soften the blow as much as possible. "He could, at least, have dropped you a line, couldn't he? But did he?"

"No-o," Sonja has to confess.

"Does that sound as though he's in love with you?"

"But he danced with me twice!" Sonja cries. "That means he wants to marry me!"

"Oh, I see," Don smiles. "Well, here in New York you need more evidence than that. Oh, you poor kid. He doesn't want any part of you. Why don't you just forget him and go home?"

"But how can I? I love him," she protests.

"Can't you be satisfied with a technical knockout?" Don asks in exasperation.

And just when Don has Sonja convinced, Cesar comes into the lobby, sees her, has the brilliant idea that he'll make up to her, give the newspapers a big story of how a fan followed him from Norway and get their pictures in the papers. So he gives Sonja a big play and, of course, that only convinces her anew that poor Don was trying to break up her romance.

Musing sadly over the fact that the *Happy Hooligans* and *Don Quixotes* of this world, who only try to be helpful, always get it in the neck, I wend my weary way to M-G-M.

The most important picture at this joint is "Mannequin" starring Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy. Spence isn't working today and the scene is the chorus girls' dressing room in a theatre—musical comedy. Joan has married a tin-horn gambler to escape from her parasitic family. But her husband is breaking her heart and taking her to the cleaner's at the same time. Mary Phillips is her friend.

"I've got to have some money," Joan begins grimly. "A hundred dollars!"

"I can let you have sixty cents of it," Mary answers, primping in the mirror. "What's happened to Eddie (Joan's load of grief)?"

"What makes you think it's for Eddie?" Joan counters angrily, and then, "Well, what if it is? I've still got to have it."

"When are you going to get wise to yourself?" Mary snaps. "Can't you see it's only a matter of time until that fake pulls you down into his own class?"

"Listen, Beryl," Joan says quietly. "Listen to me—once and for all—Eddie took me away from Hester Street. Can't you understand that?"

"A street car could have done it—and cost you less," Mary snaps.

"You don't know Eddie," Joan protests. "How—how nice he can be, and sweet. He remembers the things that count—the little things—"

"I'm sick of hearin' about men that do 'the little things,'" Mary interrupts. "Gimme a guy that does a 'big thing'—like payin' a month's rent now and then. But not Eddie! You lend him two bucks and he buys you fifty cents worth of violets.

Edith Fellows' beautiful singing voice will surprise you in "Wonder Child," in which she is supported by Leo Carrillo. (Below) Una Merkel and Jane Withers on the fence for "Checkers."

Where's the profit to you in that deal?"

"Who cares about the profits?" Joan squelches her. "There aren't any bargains between Eddie and me—and no cash sales. Whatever we've got, we split! That goes for profits—and losses!"

"It's got something to do with love, hasn't it?" Mary softens her voice. "A tough argument to beat," she goes on as Joan nods. "And after all my screaming, all I've got for you is advice. Try the manager."

They are taking a close-up of Mary and Joan stands out of camera range, cue-ing her. And it's very unusual for a star to cue another player. Usually the director or assistant director reads the lines.

Joan and Mary are both something to see in these outfits. The black velvet skirts must have been made during the depression when everyone was trying to save wherever possible. They have on more hose than skirt and, even so, there's more skirt than waist.

"Come have a cup of tea with me," Joan invites me when they're through with the close-up but, alackaday! There is nothing upsets my stomach so much as tea or milk. I guess it's just fate that I should end my days straddling a stool in a cocktail lounge.

"Rosalie," the Nelson Eddy picture in which he is co-starred with Eleanor Powell, is in the final stages—from what I hear they've got something there.

I move moodily on to the next set—"Everybody Sing." This stars Judy Garland and Allan Jones with Sophie Tucker, Fannie Brice and Lynn Carver thrown in for good measure. Allan, much against his will, is playing a chef.

It's my lucky day, I guess. First I hear Kenny Baker sing and now I hear Allan singing "The One I Love" to Lynn Carver.

Great day! I almost forgot the most important one (to me, anyhow) in the whole cast. It's Billie Burke. She isn't working in this scene so we sit on the sidelines whispering and talking of the days when Billie was the biggest star in New York. She has on a filmy blue dress and she looks just the same now as she's always looked. Truly, "Time cannot wither, nor custom stale the infinite variety of her charms." To me, she will always be the most glamorous star this country has ever had.

The last picture shooting out here is "A Matter of Pride" with John Beal, Florence Rice, Frank Morgan and Cora Witherspoon. Unfortunately, Florence has just been sent home with a bad cold and the company is disbanding for the day.

I am just about to give myself a pat on the back and call it a day when I remember I have not yet been to Warner Bros.

The gods are smiling on me here because I've already told you about "Hollywood Hotel," "Robin Hood" is on location, "Jezebel" doesn't start until next week, I've reported "Gold Is Where You Find It," so there's only left "A Slight Case of Murder" which, incidentally, I think is one of the swellest titles I've ever seen. This stars Edw. G. Robinson and the scene I see is right at the beginning of the picture. Eddie has been the head of a brewery run by gangsters during prohibition. Now that prohibition has been repealed he's called his mob together.

"From now on," he announces, "we're legit. There's gonna be a lot of changes around here. From now on this ain't no still—it's a brewery. I'm gonna give this place some real class. And that reminds me—Mike!" singling out Allen Jenkins. "I want you to shave every day."

"Every day!" Allen gasps. "Lefty," Robinson continues, turning to Edward Brophy, "lay off those striped silk shirts. From now on everybody wears white shirts—with clean collars!"

"Say, boss," Allen objects, "you think we're gonna sell Marko's beer any better if—"

"That's another thing," Marko Robinson interrupts. "It ain't Marko's beer no more. Come here—I want to show you something." He crosses the room, pulls back a curtain and shows them a miniature model of a neon sign—

"Gold Velvet Brewery
Remy Marko, Pres.
DRINK GOLD VELVET BEER—IT'S
THE TOPS."

Since Robinson doesn't drink himself he doesn't know his beer has been slightly poisoning people and thinks because beer is now legitimate he can continue making it the same way. So he goes on slightly poisoning more people.

And with these few kind, but well-chosen words, my friends, I'll leave you until next month. You'll have to get home as best you can. But we'll meet again—I hope.

So Many Artists, Players And Technicians Are Required To Make A Picture. Why Should Some Of Them Be Neglected When We Pass Out The Praise?

Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria in a picture brilliantly executed.

WHO DESERVES THE CREDIT?

By Howard Barnes

BECAUSE films have had the power to make you laugh or tear your heart out they have captured and held the public imagination completely.

Gregory La Cava, the brilliant director of "Stage Door," held forth to me about this the other day. I was telling him what a magnificent job I thought he had done in making over a stage success into a true movie and making this infinitely more moving and memorable than the original. As a critic, who might very conceivably have to write disparagingly of his direction in coming offerings, my praise was as restrained as it was sincere. It was something of a shock, therefore, to have him turn on me indignantly.

"Who cares about the direction of 'Stage Door,' " he said. "And what's more, who should care! We're making shows in Hollywood and they'll stand and fall on their capacity for entertaining you. Not a person will go to see 'Stage Door' because I directed it well, but because they want to see Katherine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers acting together in a show which they may possibly have heard was a big hit on Broadway."

Rather timidly I tried to make the point that whereas "Stage Door" was a huge success, several preceding photoplays in which Miss Hepburn starred were far from smashes. It seemed to me that something more than the names of the stars or the producing company or the mere fact that the picture happened to be showing in a neighborhood house impelled moviegoers to witness a production. Mr. La Cava knew as well as I that the balance sheets of any studio would bear me out, but he still shied away from any analysis of his work.

"There is only one thing for a moviegoer to do," he said. "That is to take all of one's emotions to a screen offering and very little of one's intellect."

In substance I agree with Mr. La Cava. It will be a sad day for the movies when people start going to them because they think that they may be "important" or "experimentally interesting" rather than because they want to be amused. It didn't take any pontificating about theory or aesthetics to make "The Birth of a Nation" or any of the top-flight successes which have followed it pull their weight with audiences.

At the same time I do not think that one's intellect should be checked at the entrance to a film playhouse. For that matter I don't believe it would be possible. No matter how completely one may succumb to the emotional pulls of a picture, there is a certain point when one takes stock of the show one has seen, discriminates between the good and the bad to make a shadowy standard for further motion picture experiences. Out of the sum of millions of these evaluations, the motion picture will go on to new triumphs, stars will rise and fall and the screen will remain the popular medium that it is and should continue to be.

As I have stated in earlier articles in SILVER SCREEN, the surest way to make these evaluations is to reach out and put one's finger on the fleeting passages of perfect artistry which are to be found in nearly every Hollywood offering. Frequently they are the product of the inspired collaboration of every one connected with the making of a scene. Often it is the genius of the star which floods a sequence with the kind of beauty that haunts you even after you have forgotten the name of the picture in which he or she appeared. Sometimes it is one of the minor craftsmen connected with a production, who has done his bit so perfectly that he makes a fragment of a film memorable. I propose to celebrate the high deeds of these lesser artists once more in singling out their contributions to recent films.

If you think these moments of memorable artistry can be achieved at will you are mistaken. The screen has thousands of skilled craftsmen, from actors, writers and directors down to the fellow who can throw a spotlight at an exact angle to get a perfect photographic shot. Their combined efforts make for the magnificent finish which one has grown accustomed to expect in most movies. Only occasionally, though, does one of them become so inspired that his stint looms out above the teamwork of his colleagues.

A perfect case in point is "Victoria the Great," the most impressive photoplay that England has shipped to these shores in a long time. Before the opening of the film I had a long talk with Herbert Wilcox, who produced it and directed it in the face of terrific odds. He told me of the troubles he had had, hoped that I'd like the production but was certain of one thing. This was that I would be swept off my feet by the final sequences of the show. In them he had shot for perfection.

He could not have prepared his climax more painstakingly. Having screened Victoria's illustrious reign from her accession to the throne in 1837, through her tenderly romantic marriage to Albert, he wanted to set a period to the chronicle of empire by recreating the Diamond Jubilee in all its glory. With the cooperation of the British government, he was able to reproduce the stirring tribute to an aged monarch with the utmost fidelity. The backgrounds were authentic—even the coach in which Victoria rode for her Jubilee celebration was taken from the Royal Mews to give Anna Neagle a correct setting. To cap it all, he photographed the scene in Technicolor.

When I saw the film, I was definitely startled. Of all the episodes in "Victoria the Great" I found the ending the least satisfactory. The color photography for which Mr. Wilcox had had such high hopes seemed to me to be garish and the Diamond Jubilee itself seemed less dramatic than pretentious. Mr. Wilcox had tried to create a passage of memorable beauty, but it was my guess that he had failed.

Nevertheless there *was* one scene in "Victoria the Great" which has lingered in my

memory ever since I saw the film. If you have witnessed it, you will remember that the lonely and regal little Victoria, guided subtly into marriage with her beloved Albert by Lord Melbourne, starts on her honeymoon in one of the first railroad trains. The identical train in which Victoria originally rode was brought out of a museum for the sequence. As the royal lovers are about to depart, Albert's brother Ernest says good-bye and you are aware that the "great, wonderful little empress" is about to embark on the most important phase of her triumphal reign.

It is then that the loyal and grizzled Melbourne takes leave of his queen, almost prophetically envisaging the list of distinguished ministers, including Gladstone and Disraeli, who will succeed him. Very simply, he takes his young sovereign's hand, presses it to his lips and says: "My work is done."

Here is a bit of consummate screen artistry. Partial credit for it must go to Mr. Wilcox, to Miss Neagle as the queen and to the scenarist. To my mind it is H. B. Warner who makes the scene so hauntingly beautiful. In a minor role (he does not appear again in the production), he gives one of those inspired performances that captures the full emotional thrust of the film. For an instant Mr. Warner has become Lord Melbourne himself and one is transported into another century irrevocably. I shall remember his farewell to his queen long after I have completely forgotten the climax of the Diamond Jubilee.

It is not a new film but if you saw it you will probably remember "Topper" as a funny comedy, with Thorne Smith's characters cutting up in disembodied exuberance. It brought Constance Bennett, Cary Grant and Roland Young together in farcical situations and they all rose to the top of their acting skill. I cannot remember their adroit clowning, though, nearly as well as the magnificent photographic effects achieved when Mr. Grant and Miss Bennett became invisible in the midst of doing something. The high point of hilarity for me was when the former (invisible) changed an automobile tire, with spare wheels and wrenches moving around under no visible control.

Roy Seawright is the artisan who made that passage memorable. Before the Thorne Smith novel was slated to become a picture, he had been intrigued by the photographic possibilities of the material and had even made blueprints of ideas for camera stunts and double exposure. By trade he is a cutter and splicer in a picture laboratory. The director of "Topper" heard of him, commissioned him to do trick photography for the show and the result was triumphant.

In "Submarine D-1," there is a scene in which the film builds up intolerable suspense. A submarine is crippled on the ocean floor and the crew makes a hair-raising escape, even extricating an injured man in a diving bell. It was not Director Lloyd Bacon, though, who made the scene memorable. As a matter of fact it was not motion picture people. Sailors from the U. S. Navy Submarine Base at New London turned the trick, going through routine manoeuvers with such professional aplomb that in watching them you forget the principals.

As I have pointed out more than once, it is rare that one person can claim credit for the interlude of perfection which inevitably becomes the artistic yardstick of a screen offering. In "Lancer Spy," for example, there are such knowing players as Fritz Feld, George Sanders and Joseph Schildkraut performing a spy melodrama and it is their performing that will make you like or dislike the picture. At the same time there is a brilliant sequence in the production for which they can claim no credit. Early in the action a call is sent out for an Englishman somewhere in the Baltic patrolling with his squadron. It is a "calling all cars" variety of shot that has become routine on the screen. That it isn't routine in this instance is due to the inspired craftsmanship of Louis Loeffler.

Mr. Loeffler is a cutter, whose job it was to put together the various "takes" in the film. Realizing the ominous importance of the radio call, he pared the material to its bare essentials. No messages are handed back and forth. Instead, he spliced shots together to show a man in the radio room tapping out the communication, a low hum coming in on the sound track and slowly rising to a moan. The hum carries right through to the English officer reading the message, keying the mood for all the action that follows. It is merely a cutting job but in this case a perfect one.

The new Shirley Temple film, "Heidi" owes a debt to Fred Swingell, a property man. In the production Heidi has been successful in persuading her playmate Klara to walk, her mission is accomplished, but she cannot share the happiness around her because of her yearning for her grandfather. Klara's father presents her with a little gift, one of those glass balls in which there is a tiny house which becomes enveloped in a snowstorm when you shake the ball. Heidi does so and cries tremulously, "It's grandfather's house. He's bringing in the wood." And for an instant the camera is focussed on the tiny house and it *is* the house we've seen earlier as her grandfather's. Fine as Miss Temple is in the scene, it is the exactness of the replica that gives it poignancy and Mr. Swingell saw to that.

With two such magnificent stars as Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer appearing together in "Conquest" it may seem to be stretching a point to give special commendation to a relatively unknown collaborator on the production. At the same time Nathalie Bucknell, a research expert, contributed enormously to two of the bit scenes of the film—the first meeting between Walewska and Napoleon and the farewell between the emperor-soldier and his mistress. For fifteen months she read

(Left) The navy co-operates for Warner's "Submarine D-1." (Above) Maurice Moscovitch, Dolores Del Rio and George Sanders in "Lancer Spy." The warmest praise in connection with this picture goes to an unknown film cutter.

books, sent scouts to Europe, hunted for first-hand documents of the period and made herself familiar with the projected backgrounds before the picture went before the cameras. When you first see Garbo in the film, you are apt to agree that the setting and costumes accent the scene to a remarkable degree.

Frances Richardson performed a similar job in recreating the Chicago of 1854 for "In Old Chicago" and it is the sight of the frame house city early in the picture which one instinctively compares with the mid-West metropolis of today that sets the stage for the great fire. In "The Bride Wore Red," it was a roving photographer, Fred Wilcox, who assembled breath-taking backgrounds of the Tyrolean Alps as compelling settings for the romance between Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. In the daffy musical starring the Ritz Brothers, "Life Begins in College," it was a gag man, Darrell Ware, who thought up the idea of having the clowns flattened in the mud in their gridiron debut, one of the funniest interludes in a funny show.

There are other minor film craftsmen who rarely get credit in the billing of a show. Their satisfaction must be the same as that shared by movie-goers who recognize brilliant artistry in their work. They may be unsung heroes of motion pictures, but they do not need to be unappreciated.

GLAMOUR BY THE MINUTE

For The Girl With No Time To Waste.

By Mary Lee

Fay Wray takes a careful last minute survey of her make-up and hair-do before slipping into her pencil-slim black crepe cocktail dress, over which she dons a grey broadcloth swinging cape luxuriously bordered with silver fox.

IT HAPPENS time and again—that last minute invitation. You've hoped for it, prayed for it, planned for it, and here it is. If you're at your office, you remember that in your closet hangs that lamé blouse, perfect with your suit, or that new tulip frock, as yet unworn. You want to get dressed-up and it always pays to do it. Business girl or home girl, you may both be up against the same problem—about twenty minutes to dress—when Fate offers you a rich plum via the telephone, that unplanned date.

You can do a lot in twenty minutes, in fact, the whole works. Twenty minutes can be stretched to cover an hour, if you know how. That's why I've taken some unnecessary baths, arranged my curls, all for nothing, but to prove it could be done. Here is the result of my homework for you, executed step by step, with an eye on Big Ben.

Get hair out of the way first. Comb it out, press back into place, using a pin or two to hold it even if you're fluffing it out later. If your permanent is straightening out or if you have contrary wisps, the Aurora Bobbed Hair Pin Curler saves the situation. It's used cold. It clamps your hair, rolls it, catches it with a pin and in a short time you have a neat curl. By the way, it will give you a lovely all-over head of curls when you have more time. I hope you have one of those Donna net sleeping caps that keep heads in good form, because it's ideal to slip over your hair now to mould it into smooth lines and to keep it away from your face while you make up.

Next, brush your teeth before cleansing your face, so you don't have that paste or powder line to remove afterwards. Slather on some cleansing cream, remove, and apply some fresh. Creams like Lady Esther, Pond's or Woodbury's are suggested because their light texture makes them go on and off easily. There's a reason for this double use of cream. The first takes off all make-up and soil; the second should remain on while you shower. That gives time for more cleansing, softening and stimulating effect. A good idea for all cleansing cream.

Hop under your shower—no tub now. If you speed up, you can do it in two minutes. Dry and splash on some perfumed eau de Cologne, especially over the chest and arms. Body warmth releases its soft fragrance and here it is particularly lovely. A mist of dusting powder and a dab of Mum to each underarm, and you're fresh as a flower. The Mum is very important, because you know what excitement, hurry or dancing will do to any of us, even just after a bath. Slip into underthings and do your face.

Remove all cream carefully, followed by a skin tonic. If you haven't one, splash on cold water. An eye wash like Ibath or Eye-Gene will refresh your eyes, make them clear and sparkling. Now a very little foundation, cream or liquid, smoothed or patted on until the skin is just slightly moist. Use cream rouge, touching up later from your compact, if necessary. If your face is thin, keep rouge away from temples and cheek hollows. Under night lights, rouge there creates shadows and makes your face thinner.

Eyes need special attention, because you're probably wearing a veil. Apply shadow. Spring Green is lovely on blondes and semi-blondes. Over your favorite shade, however, you can create a lovely effect by using a little gold or silver shadow. Choose according to the gold or silver lamé, sequins or jewelry you may be wearing. Press on plenty of face powder, well over your neck, too, and remove surplus with powder brush or fingers. Concentrate your mascara on the upper lashes, especially if you are blonde. Marlene Dietrich's eyes are done in this manner, and so are Toby Wing's. Anna Neagle, who is naturally blonde, leaves brows like her hair, but accents the upper lashes. Too much mascara on lower lashes is aging and hardening.

Helena Rubinstein has a new blue-violet, very effective with the new pinks, purples and deep blues. Brush all powder from brows and accent with crayon, if necessary.

Get out your evening lipstick. It should be darker and richer in tone than your day-time one. Tangee users, please remember that Tangee Theatrical lipstick is lovely for evening. If you will part your lips while rouging, you will get a softer curve to your lips. Outline first with the edge or point of your stick, then fill in. This is the Hollywood way and a good one. Apply your stick heavily, then do this. Press a tissue over your lips to blot up surplus. Then apply your stick lightly for lustre. The chances are you will not have to replace it the whole evening.

Slip into your frock, remove your hair cap and soften your curls. Spray on some perfume about neck, ears, wrists and the fur of your coat. Set your hat at a jaunty angle. Then pause and give yourself one good, long look in the mirror. You've done a fine job on yourself and you've done it in about twenty minutes. Your eyes shine and you feel like smiling. The evening's sure to be a success. If any of the girls ask you how you manage always to look so fresh and groomed, tell them it is done with mirrors. That's partly true. The rest of the truth is, knowing the steps that save time.

Radiant Fay Wray is one of the best-groomed women of the screen. She knows the value of the routined toilette.

HAVE A BUFFET SUPPER ON SUNDAY NIGHTS!

It Is More Informal And Lots Of Fun.

By
Ruth Corbin

Olympe Bradna, who will shortly be seen in "Everybody's Girl," opposite Randolph Scott, is re-arranging her buffet table so that it will accommodate all the good things she has prepared for her guests.

THE idea of a buffet supper is to provide good food in a comfortable, carefree manner. From the recipes given here you can easily make up a buffet menu of something new, attractive and delicious to whet and sate the appetites of all comers and of your often hard to please family.

Your buffet table may be set anywhere but it should consist of dishes easy to handle standing or to carry to a corner or small table elsewhere. The menu must be as informal as the service. It is much better to serve substantial, deliciously seasoned food and plenty of it than light and fancy dainties. It is advisable to have at least two of the dishes hot, one of them may be a hearty soup or bouillon (Steero cubes —one to each cup of boiling water—makes an extremely simple but nourishing bouillon), and the other may be hot baked, stuffed potatoes, and plenty of relishes, buttered rolls or Melba toast, sandwiches, canapes, cheese, crackers, fruit, salted nuts, mints and, of course, coffee or chocolate. Potato chips are always acceptable while olives, celery—stuffed or plain, pickles and stuffed eggs (try stuffing with blended yolks and sardines for a change) add tart, crisp touches of garnish to your other dishes and are bits of nourishment all guests like.

CALCUTTAS

Select large prunes; stem and remove seeds. Stuff with a mixture of 1 tablespoon minced gherkins, 1 tablespoon cooked rice, 1 tablespoon chopped Major Gray's Chutney, 1/8 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon paprika. Dip the prunes into Worcestershire Sauce, wrap each one with a strip of bacon fastened with toothpicks. Broil until bacon is crisp. Serve hot. This amount makes 6 or 8 Calcuttas.

METROPOLITAN CHICKEN

1 cup chicken, cooked and cubed
3 hard-cooked eggs cut in eights
1 teaspoon Angostura bitters
3/4 cup chicken stock or broth
4 tablespoons butter
1/4 pound salted almonds
1/2 cup mushrooms
1/4 cup cream or top milk
5 teaspoons flour
Salt, pepper, paprika

Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour (Gold Medal), milk and seasoning. Slice mushrooms and cook in butter. Fold, with other ingredients, into the cream sauce, bitters last. Heat over boiling water, and keep warm in a chafing dish on buffet table. Serve hot on mounds of rice or fried noodles, on toast or in patty shells. A salad or pineapple chunks and chicory is particularly nice with this dish.

SARDINE CANAPES

Mince 2/3 cup of mustard sardines. Season with 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Hellmann's Salad Dressing, 1 1/2 tablespoons Heinz Catsup, 2 tablespoons minced onion, salt and pepper to taste. Chill on crackers and sprinkle with paprika.

LIVER PINWHEEL CANAPES

Spread large, crisp lettuce leaves with a mixture of 2/3 part smoked liver-sausage, 1/3 part Crosse and Blackwell's India Relish, and a few chopped ripe olives. Roll leaves, fasten with toothpicks; chill. Slice 1/2 inch thick and serve on rounds of bread or crackers.

TOMATO-RING SALAD

Peel 2 large firm tomatoes; cut a thin slice from stem ends; scoop out carefully, leaving the firm projecting points on the side wall of the tomato unbroken; drain upside down. Fill tomatoes with a mixture made of 1 teaspoon Royal gelatin softened in 1 tablespoon cold water, dissolved over boiling water, and combined with 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 teaspoon each chopped celery, green pepper and pickle, 1 tablespoon Heinz Chili Sauce, 1/4 teaspoon each salt and paprika. Chill until firm. Slice with sharp knife and serve 2 or 3 slices on a lettuce leaf with French dressing.

While we are on the subject of salad, remember that mixed vegetable salad with or without cold cuts, potato salad and fruit salad are the usual standbys when you are uncertain about the tastes of your guests. And these salads are always so quickly and easily prepared when unexpected visitors arrive. Often you can get the makings of all but the potato salad out of cans.

With these salads serve chutney, mayonnaise, French or horseradish cream dressing, as the tastes suggests.

Tomatoes stuffed with celery, green pepper and cottage cheese are always nice and most people like them. Pineapple wrapped in bacon and run under a hot blaze to crisp the bacon is something else you will like, also tiny broiled sausages. Both of these may be prepared by you or your guests right at the buffet table over the chafing dish blaze.

SPICED CRANBERRY COCKTAIL

1 quart cranberries
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon allspice
3 1/2 cups water
2 in. stick cinnamon
4 to 6 cloves

Wash cranberries and cook with the water until berries burst. Crush berries, add sugar and spices and cook again for 5 minutes. Strain and chill.

BAKED CODFISH LOAF

1 cup milk
2 cups soft bread crumbs
2 cupfuls Gorton's codfish
Grated rind 1 lemon
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
2 tablespoons butter
2 eggs

Scald milk; pour over bread and set aside until crumbs have absorbed most of the milk. Combine with fish, lemon rind, seasoning, melted butter. Beat eggs and fold in. Transfer to well greased loaf pan; place in pan of water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 45 minutes. Remove from pan and garnish plate with parsley.

BEANS IN RAMEKINS

Buy either Campbells or B and M baked beans. To them add a few tablespoons of Br'er Rabbit Molasses (2 or 3 tablespoons per can) put in individual ramekins, cover with a strip of bacon and heat in stove until bacon is thoroughly crisp. You never knew baked beans could be so good and your guests will rave about them and your way of serving.

CHOCOLATE ICEBOX CAKE

Take a can of chocolate wafers and a bowl of whipped cream. Spread the wafers with the cream and build into a long roll. Cover the whole with whipped cream, garnish with chopped maraschino cherries, red or green, or chocolate sprinkles and let stand in refrigerator for at least an hour. It is a grand dessert and when sliced is pretty to look at as well.

SYLLABUB

Whip cream, flavored to taste with Sherry wine and whiskey, and sweetened with sugar until it thickens. Serve in glasses with a spoon. This is an old Southern favorite. It is easy to make but is unusually rich.

A New Cream brings to Women *the Active "Skin-Vitamin"*

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

A NEW KIND OF CREAM has been developed!

A cream that puts into women's skin the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again —in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"— and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.

Joan Belmont—**now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Belmont**

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin. Mrs. Bailey says: "I am so glad to use the new Pond's 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream. It keeps my skin finer and softer, in spite of all my sports."

(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

Same jars, same labels, same price

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Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Her 3 Severest Critics

[*Continued from page* 30]

which caused me to strive to get it. The first thing I knew I had completely recovered from my phobia about being tall.

"He always commented on my appearance, praised little details about my clothes. And soon I was out doing special shopping to please him. When I first met him I was still puzzled over the fact that I was in Hollywood. I was still trying to figure out why. It all seemed to be such a terribly big problem—this being in Hollywood and being an actress. I thought about it so much and became so serious-minded about it I was losing my sense of humor. Bob brought it back to me by praising what I consider a mythical sense of humor. He gradually taught me that there was an amusing side to every problem, no matter how big it might seem to be."

Now it's clear why Robert Cobb is head man. But what about the others? Who are they who have such a vast influence on her affairs? Before we go into that, here's something else amazing. Bob and the other two are constant companions. Not only that, but they form a round table, the invariable subject being:

"What's on deck for Gail now?" "Why didn't Gail get that big role in that last picture?" "What was the matter with her acting in the scenes with the villain in her latest release?" "How can she put more of her personality on the screen?" "What does she need to sell herself in her next big part?"

Advising, steering, counselling, criticizing constructively, the trio are the board of directors behind the scenes of Gail's screen life.

Let Richard Fitzpatrick, (Gail's younger brother, five years her junior) erstwhile aviation student now employed by a national airline, step to the front. When Dick was three he was out trying to play a game called "Peg" with some older boys. The "peg," a piece of broomstick, sliced the wrong way, struck his head and put a gash over his eye.

Gail was spending the night with some girl friends and knew nothing of the accident.

"I want Margaret," Dick ordered. No one else would do. And he's wanted Margaret —Gail to you—ever since. Love affairs? Ever since he was knee-high there's been some girl. Fights? Now and then. Momentous decisions? Always.

"Dick depended on me, which taught me responsibility," she says, today. "I never told him he couldn't do anything. I tried to advise him. And when I advised him he knew I was sincere and that I had only his well-being in mind. It has been a very beautiful relationship. Some day, when I have children of my own, that experience is going to be invaluable. From Dick, too, I learned a lot about men. And, from helping him find himself, I learned to consider others beside myself."

Dick and Gail have been constant companions for nineteen years. The Fitzpatrick family has always been one of those all-for-one and one-for-all institutions, but the ties between Gail and Dick have been strongest. When Gail came to Hollywood she brought Dick along. He went to Fairfax High School. Later he attended Drew Preparatory, and ended with the aviation job.

And now to the third member of this strange triumvirate which sits in not-too-solemn judgment on an ever-brightening motion picture career. Guess as you will, you'll still be wrong. The man is John Engstead, a tall, handsome, wavy-haired young man who directs the taking of still photographs of Paramount players.

"Johnny has been my friend since the first day I arrived at the studio for stills and tests," she relates. "Alone and bewildered, I'd never have gotten through that day if it hadn't been for his calm, studied advice and assurance. Later, he became invaluable to me.

"One of the things he did was help me overcome a certain self-consciousness about my hands. He taught me to pose for fashion stills and portraits, too. At that time, almost all of the work I was doing was in outdoor action pictures and I think I'd still be making them if it wasn't for Johnny. One day he said, 'Gail, I think you've been typed as a girl of the great outdoors long enough. Let's go in and try to make some stills in sophisticated poses.'

"We did. Several executives saw them and they led to my getting a chance. A few sophisticated parts eventually led to the part of 'Cornelia' in 'My Man Godfrey,' which, as you know, is the best break I've had to date.

"And the laughs! I had to go to the Cotton Carnival in Memphis as a studio representative shortly after I arrived in Hollyood. I was going to fly. I knew I'd have to be getting out of that ship. Arrangements had been made for photographs at every stop. So Johnny got a soap box and I spent several hours stepping gracefully (?) from it to the 'ground.' Finally I did the job well enough to satisfy Johnny and he told me to go ahead.

"He felt I needed a little stage experience," Gail relates, "so he took it upon himself to see that I got some. Every night for nine weeks he took me to the workshop at the Pasadena Community Playhouse to work in different plays. That training has meant a great deal to me."

All three men are absolutely frank in their opinions about Gail's work, her appearance, her mannerisms, her personality. They never hurt her—they tell her constructively what she must do to improve.

"And I take their advice, and do my very best to make good," she says. "If I finally do make the grade, don't blame it on Gail Patrick but on her board of directors."

Projections— Tyrone Power

[*Continued from page* 19]

will repeat it at once and quite unconsciously make himself the leading character, either hero or villain, he doesn't care, in the story. "A man was walking down the street—" the story will go, but when Tyrone tells it it suddenly becomes, "I was walking down the street—" This, however, is not conceit on Tyrone's part, just being perfectly normal. The other evening he picked up a Los Angeles newspaper and read a paragraph to the effect that he had given a thousand dollars to a friend to buy him a ticket on a freighter whose destination was quite unknown to him. My, my, thought Tyrone, I didn't do that, but it does sound vaguely familiar. He learned later one of his pals had told him that he was taking a trip on a freighter, destination unknown, and Tyrone in repeating it had simply put himself into the story.

"When I was a little fellow I was very shy—believe it or not," says Tyrone. "Though I never was shy where a little girl was concerned. Mother has a picture of me which was snapped by my nurse when I was about four years old showing me with a little girl somewhat older. I didn't know her but I was pleased to meet

her. Now when people ask mother if I was a shy child she points to that picture and says,' Judge for yourself where the girls were concerned.' "

There has always been a girl, or girls, it seems in the life of Tyrone Power, but, naturally, his two famous girls came along simultaneously with his own fame. About two years ago Tyrone was finishing up a good filet of sole in the Twentieth Century restaurant one noon when suddenly a very pretty girl sat down at the table with him and said, "Are you Mr. Tyrone Power? My name is Sonja Henie. I have some tickets to a skating exhibition I am giving tonight and I wish you would come." Tyrone, smiled, bowed, and accepted the tickets. Not only did he go to see the little Norwegian girl skate that night, but he went back-stage afterwards, and although she was surrounded by eager males, it was he who took her home. And thus began the muchly publicized, and on and off the level, Henie-Power romance.

Janet Gaynor he met for the first time on the set one day when he was playing a small part in "Ladies in Love." Ever since "Seventh Heaven" Janet had been Tyrone's favorite movie star (he had even written her a fan letter once and received no answer) and when he finally actually met her the ordinarily voluble Mr. Power was struck dumb—it was strictly a case of worshipping fan meeting adored star. Quite secretly Tyrone had roses sent to Janet's dressing room every day, red roses, and so, so romantic. Janet was completely baffled by the roses—everytime she tried to trace the identity of her unknown admirer through the florist he very cagily changed to another florist. I don't know whom Miss Gaynor suspected, but she never once suspected the slender, rather nervous, young boy who was playing a small role in her own picture.

But, as he became more successful, he became more confident. Finally he called her up. Shortly after the release of "A Star Is Born" Janet and Tyrone began appearing together at previews, premieres, and night clubs. Sonja Henie, with "Thin Ice" completed, left for a long vacation in her native Norway. The day she returned by plane to Hollywood Janet Gaynor left by train for New York. Sooner or later, our Tyrone will find himself with two Glamour Girls in Hollywood at the same time. But no doubt he'll be able to cope with the situation—maybe there'll even be a Third Glamour Girl—he's awfully good at explaining away.

Tyrone Power is really Tyrone Power the third and was born one bright spring day —May 5, 1914—at 5:30 in the afternoon, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the home of his Grandmother Reaume, 2112 Fulton Avenue. His father, of course, was the famous actor Tyrone Power Jr., a matinee idol of a past generation, who divided his time between stage and pictures. He died in Hollywood, December, 1931, during the production of "The Miracle Man," and Tyrone was with him at the time of his death.

Tyrone's mother, Patia Reaume Power, is known throughout the theatrical and radio world, her voice being recognized by critics as one of the most expressive and flexible on the stage and on the air.

Tyrone lived until he was two in New York City where his family were on the stage, but he was rather a puny little baby with too much energy and too little brawn. So, acting upon the doctor's suggestion Mrs. Power took her two little children to San Diego, California, where they became healthy and tanned on the beach at Coronado while she organized a troupe to amuse the soldiers and sailors in the naval base at San Diego. Later they moved to Alhambra, California, where Mrs. Power played the feminine lead in the San Gabriel Mission Play. It was here that little Tyrone made his first stage appearance.

"By the time I was seven years of age," he says, "I had overcome my terrible shyness. I had so far lost self-consciousness that it was all in the day's pastime to go to John Stevens McGroarty, at that time presenting the Mission Play, and talk with him, completely relaxed. Mother had been playing the leading role in the production every summer for four years and I wanted more than anything else to play a part in it. To mother's amazement, and pleasure too, I voluntarily went in to Mr. McGroarty's office one day and asked if I could play the role of the young neophyte the fifth season. He gave me the part. It was my first on the stage.

"The only time, since then, that I have had a sense of self-consciousness was when, a boy of eighteen, just after my father died in Hollywood, I tried to get a job in the movies. Producers would finally admit me to their offices, after many attempts to see them, and almost invariably they would say, 'We knew your father and wanted to see what you would look like. No, we haven't anything for you. No. There's nothing doing here. It's doubtful whether you would screen well enough to make the grade.' "

He was such a success in the Mission Play that the manager took him on tour with the "La Golandrina" company and Tyrone was well on his way to being a promising young actor when Mrs. Power abruptly gathered up her two children and moved back to Cincinnati where she had been offered the chair of dramatics at a school there. Tyrone led a very normal life there, flunked the sixth grade, played baseball and football with the neighborhood boys (to his annoyance he was never very good at football because of his skinniness), made extra money by jerking sodas in a

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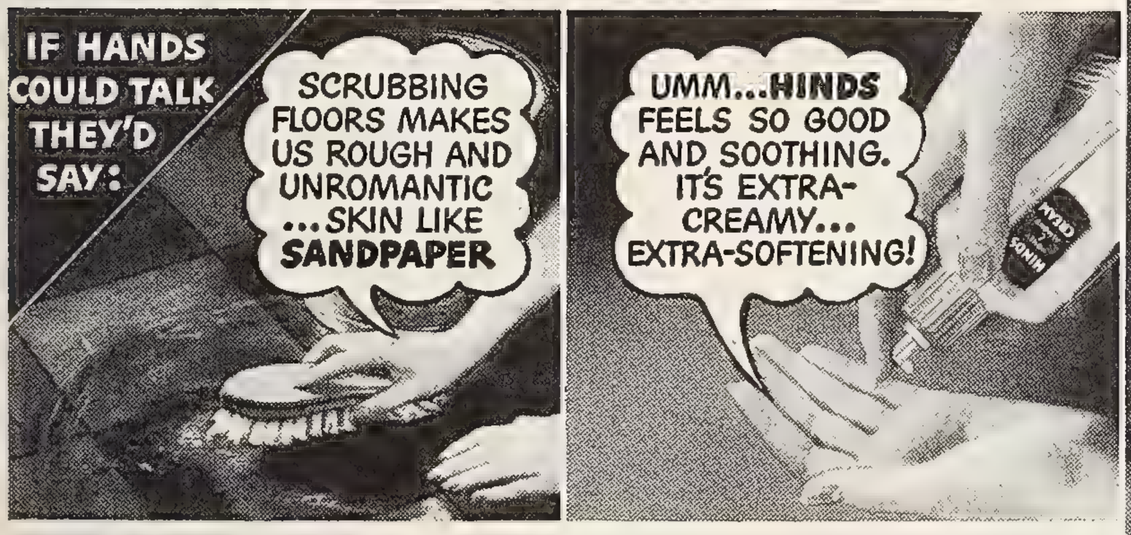

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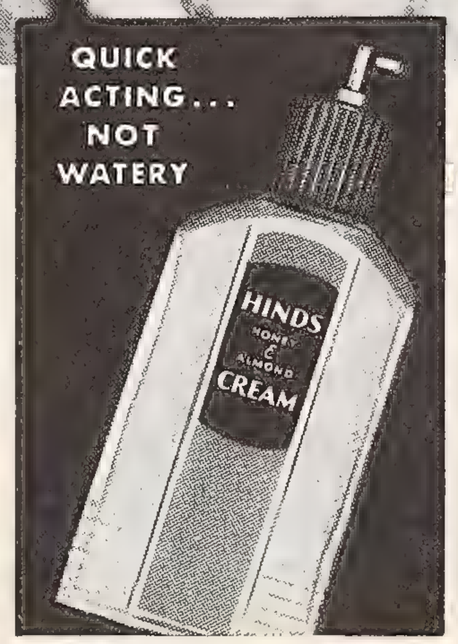

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corner drugstore, invented tricks to play on his teachers, and, to be sure, winked at all the pretty little girls. In June, 1931, he told his mother he was through with school, he wanted to be an actor. Mrs. Power wasn't at all surprised. She merely packed his things and sent him to spend the summer in Canada with his father, who put him through a complete course in Shakespeare.

After his father's death in Hollywood Tyrone did his darnedest to get a job in the movies, but it was just one disappointment after another. The year 1932 was the most miserable in his life. Finally he could stand it no longer. One morning he went to his mother, who had joined him in California, and said, "I think there's more chance for me in the East. Will you get me the money?" And so the evening of the same day Tyrone caught a train, headed for Chicago and New York, and slept in the day-coach. When he stepped off the train in Chicago he was met by a group of friends who insisted that he stay in Chicago with them and that they could get him a job there with the Century of Progress Fair. Tyrone played a movie star in the "A Glimpse of Hollywood" concession and strutted from August to January of 1934 before unloaded cameras before gaping tourists. He made a little money on the side by doing bit parts in Don Ameche's radio show. Little did they reck, as they say in success stories, that they were destined to meet again on the same lot in Hollywood and be two of Twentieth Century's biggest stars.

"Chicago was a detour," says Tyrone. With a little money in his pockets, but not much, he continued his journey to New York and Broadway. Then began another whirl at the casting managers' offices. He budgeted his savings and allowed himself five dollars a week spending money. His first "break" came through the courtesy of Helen Mencken, noted stage star, whom he had met during a Shakespearean season with his father. She phoned Guthrie McClintic, stage director and husband of Katherine Cornell, that when young Tyrone Power sought him for an interview to see the boy as the youngster had talent—lots of it.

Not only did Mr. McClintic see him but he gave him the job of understudying Burgess Meredith in "Flowers of the Forest." When the Cornell season closed Tyrone went to a summer stock company at West Falmouth, Massachusetts, where he made a great success in a play called "On Stage." The Hollywood movie scouts sought him out and dangled small contracts in front of him, but Hollywood's slights and snubs were too fresh in his memory, and besides, he had in his pocket a contract to play Benvolio, friend of Romeo, in Katherine Cornell's forthcoming production of "Romeo and Juliet." He was a very happy young man.

While he was playing the part of DePonlengey in "St. Joan" with Miss Cornell he was persuaded by an excited agent to take a movie test for Darryl Zanuck, president of Twentieth Century-Fox. The first test was awful, he took it again, and a few days later it was run in the Hollywood projection room for the great Zanuck who promptly summoned his secretary and said, "Take a wire."

Tyrone Power returned to Hollywood with a seven year contract, and the determination to work harder than he had ever worked in his life. After a bit in "Girls Dormitory" his success was assured. His fan mail did nip-ups after "Ladies in Love." And with "Lloyd's of London" he became a star. Every producer in Hollywood would like to have Tyrone enter his office now. "No, we haven't anything for you." Huh. Now it's Tyrone's time to laugh.

"Hooray! I've Got A Star To Live On"

[*Continued from page* 17]

Another successful combination is Carole Lombard and her efficient and devoted "boss," Fieldsie. The name is really Madeleine Fields, but she's known throughout the length and breadth of movieland by the abbreviated title, and Carole cheerfully acknowledges that without Fieldsie her career would never have reached its fullness.

The two met fourteen years ago at the old Mack Sennett studio where Madeleine was a comedienne and Carole breaking into the movies as a bathing beauty. Discovering they lived in the same block they became pals—two gangling kids with no more burning ambitions than to have fun and earn enough money to help their mothers support their modest homes.

Fieldsie soon recognized Carole's screen possibilities and urged her to pass up the wild waves and wilder comedians, and learn to act, with an eye to the future. She herself, much to her surprise, developed a keen business ability and so in 1928, when Carole signed her first Paramount contract, Fieldsie folded her acting days into the past and trailed along to protect her friend's interests. She became manager, agent, financial adviser, secretary, critic—guarding and guiding every detail of the budding career. No star's affairs are more expertly managed, and by just one person instead of the usual half dozen. Fieldsie earns her share of a star's salary and has a grand time doing it.

She knows Carole better than Carole knows herself and often resorts to little tricks. Whenever the star gets dramatic, goes into a "Camille" mood, Fieldsie adroitly steers her away from appointments and conferences. She keeps her on a strict allowance and this causes occasional eruptions. Then Carole, seeking sweet revenge, goes on a spending spree, gleefully hoping to mix up Fieldsie's accounts. But Fieldsie merely ignores it and soon Carole's remorse turns her into a veritable Angel Child—for a few minutes, at least.

Following her divorce from William Powell in 1934, Carole established her own home with Fieldsie as housemate, so the manager-agent-secretary, and all the rest of it, added running a house to her other duties. There's never a break in their business and social relations, they share every hour and with their boy friends, Clark Gable and Walter Lang, they form a completely balmy "party" that keeps Hollywood agog.

The mere possibility of Paul Contan having measles, mumps, or going on a world cruise, starts Warren William shivering in his shoes; he's positive his screen career would end without Paul's aid.

It's his hair. Most unruly and very fine, for six years he has permitted no one but Contan, whose Paul's Beauty Shop is a Hollywood Mecca, to cut, train or dress his hair. Also, to put it into pretty curls at times. Gritting his teeth, the star admits this. A dark page in Warren's life was one Sunday when he was guest of a group of weathered Cape Horners, rough and ready sea dogs, on a schooner anchored at San Pedro. The talk was of lusty sea-faring tales, of bloody, he-man adventures. Suddenly, clasping his hands to his head, Warren shrieked, "My God. I forgot my permanent!"

So, here's a group of unknowns, who not only earn their share of some star's salary because of specialized talents, but also, win grateful acknowledgment for materially advancing a career. Maybe Hollywood isn't such a crazy town, after all!

Plums From The Air

[*Continued from page* 25]

ment is so important. Thus, Simone Simon was worth far more to a sponsor last year, immediately following her click in "Girl's Dormitory," than she is now. On the other hand, Bette Davis commands twice the figure now that she did a year ago. Hepburn, whose value diminished considerably after a series of bad picture breaks, was catapulted back again into the big money immediately after her brilliant performance in "Stage Door." Recently Gloria Dickson, who scored in her screen debut in "They Won't Forget," gladly accepted a mere $250 for a guest spot on the Vallee program, because she felt that the publicity derived from this radio debut would more than compensate her for the lack of filthy lucre. In a few months, as her screen and stage career grows, the publicity angle won't be half as important as the monetary one!

To set the records straight, here is a partial list of Hollywood stars whose current screen popularity places them in the $5000 bracket: Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald, Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Fred Astaire, Al Jolson, William Powell and Spencer Tracy.

In the next category, vacillating between $2500 and $3500 are to be found Myrna Loy, Herbert Marshall, Jean Hersholt, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young, Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Sonja Heine, Joel McCrea, Errol Flynn, Joan Bennett, Walter Huston, Rudy Vallee, Barbara Stanwyck, Madge Evans, Edward G. Robinson, Constance Bennett, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Charles Ruggles and Cecil B. DeMille.

While $5000 is considered a top-notch fee for guest appearances (and bear in mind that after the agent's commission and income tax are deducted, it is reduced to half), there are other entertainers who, starring on their own programs, rate considerably more. Eddie Cantor, for instance, earns more in one month as "Mayor of Texaco Town" than Franklin D. Roosevelt earns in a year as President of the United States. Eddie strikes "oil" each week to the tune of $15,000, and even if he has to draw on it to pay Jacques Renard, Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen, his script writers, the William Morris Agency and Bob Taplinger, he still has enough left to support the chemin de fer table at the Clover Club on Saturday nights.

Jack Benny, too, manages to struggle along on his weekly $12,500, even though Phil Harris, Kenny Baker, Andy Devine, Schlepperman, his script writers and Young and Rubicam shave it off a little when they "jell" (o) together to collect their share of the Sunday night receipts. Mary Livingston garners her own $2500, but what is hers is her own and what is Jack's is hers too, so who is she to worry about "Bank Night" when there are so many other important problems in the world, like whether Barbara Stanwyck is *really* going to marry Robert Taylor!

Nelson Eddy was a top notch radio performer at an enviable salary long before he thought of going into pictures. Now, every Sunday night, he matches quips with the one and only Charlie McCarthy in between those vibrant songs of his.

All in all, perhaps the best commentary on the fancy figures pulled down by stars in the entertainment world is summed up in Joe Lewis' priceless crack:

"Ted Lewis makes $8000 a week, and *he* asks, "Is everybody happy!"

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Don't Believe It

[*Continued from page* 15]

things you read, to quote the line George Gershwin used as a song title in "Porgy and Bess," ain't necessarily so. At the conclusion of the interview, in which the shapely Dolores had expressed her hope that some day she might be given a chance at a Technicolor film, I asked her for her diet, so that I might pass it along to the woman readers: "You've read that, too," Miss Del Rio said, and her eyes started blazing. "Those magazine writers have had me dieting on everything from sliced carrots to bluebirds' eggs. I've NEVER dieted in my whole life. Will you please write that in the column. I get letters from all over the country asking me for diet charts, and I'd like to stop it."

Katharine Hepburn, in common with many stars, refuses to make an appointment with any magazine writer (except SILVER SCREEN). "They have misquoted me so often and created so much trouble that it's better just to avoid them," the Hepburn lass explains. That is a pity, because here is a colorful star rich in interview material. I went out to Malibou Lake, where the "Bringing Up Baby" company was on location under Director Howard Hawks. Miss Hepburn, in a blue smock, gray trousers and sandals, was playing a scene outdoors with May Robson, her aunt in the picture. The picture is laid in a Connecticut farmhouse, but it would be too expensive to send the company all the way to Connecticut, when masons and carpenters can build a Colonial house that looks just like the Connecticut article.

"Katie," as the company addresses her, was quite a revelation to me. She talked freely and frankly, relating how she started on Broadway and how her first experiences with the drama were disastrous. "I loved the theatre, but it was unrequited," she smiled. Her first two jobs lasted four nights. Eddie Knopf, now story editor at MGM, fired her after one performance in "The Big Pond." The second show folded in three nights.

"My success in 'Art and Mrs. Bottle' on the stage is easily explained," she said. "The part was actress-proof. Any performer, with some experience, could have run away with the notices. Jane Cowl let me have the big scenes deliberately. My first picture 'Bill of Divorcement' offered another actress-proof part. Every girl who played that part clicked in it." Here is this wealth of material that magazine writers could dig up, but they are barred from her set because some of them twisted what she told them out of shape into harmful and malicious paragraphs.

Fred Astaire, on the last day's shooting of "Damsel in Distress," permitted a magazine writer to come on the set, because she told Eddie Rubin, of the RKO contact staff, that she HAD to get the interview and mail it out immediately. Rubin went to Astaire and said: "Fred, this girl says that if she doesn't get an interview, she'll lose her job." So Astaire okayed it. Now this is what happened. The interviewer arrived on the set. Astaire, dripping with perspiration, politely came over to shake hands with her while they were reloading cameras. "Mr. Astaire," said the girl, "give me a story—something different preferably—is it true that your wife despises theatrical work?" Astaire backed away. "I'll come back," he said, signalling to Rubin to rush in.

"Who does he think he is?" the interviewer hotly demanded of Rubin. "I'll do a story on him that will take some of that conceit out of him." Rubin, brother of Benny Rubin, the comic, really likes the people of the theatre from close contact with them. "Wait a moment," he said. "You came here only because Fred Astaire okayed it, and, then, when he was courteous enough to come over to you, although he's soaking wet from that last dance, you have the nerve to ask him to give YOU a story, preferably something scandalous about his wife. It would be just as idiotic for Fred to come over and ask you to do his dance for him. You're a writer—is it asking too much of you to know the questions you are going to ask? It costs thousands of dollars an hour to make a picture; you want the cameras to stop while you think up questions that you should have brought with you. Now, because you don't know your business, you're going to blast Astaire. He's a swell person, a decent, thoughtful guy, and I think you're giving him a damned lousy deal if you ask me, and even if you don't ask me. I don't care if this costs me my job, but I'm not going to stand here and let you get away with it."

"That's a real good story for me," said the magazine writer. She sent it to Rubin a month later. It was titled: "Astaire aide would lay down life for boss," with her ruminations on loyalty.

In closing, may I add this about Carole Lombard, so you won't take that spoofing too seriously. I was teasing her about a particularly silly interview I'd read in a fan magazine: "Hell, I didn't even see it," she explained. "The writer probably went to the publicity department and they gave it to him. There are hundreds and hundreds of small writers out here. It would be impossible to see them all, so the publicity department gives them 'canned' stuff to keep them happy. More often than not, it makes the performer sound like a damn fool, but what can you do about it?"

Mae West does something about it. Her contract stipulates that no photograph can be sent out, and no publicity story can be released, until she approves it. Katharine Hepburn and most of the big stars have that clause in their contract. Just recently, a story appeared in the tabloid New York Mirror, under the signature of Miss Hepburn. A new man in the RKO publicity department, not knowing the rules, had concocted a story and signed her name to it. Miss Hepburn was blazing mad, but when she learned that the newcomer's job was in peril, she withdrew her protest. That particular guy will tell you that she is the swellest person in the world.

The place really to see these stars is at such a party as Countess Dorothy Di Frasso threw recently. They were all there: Connie Bennett, Norma Shearer, Lily Pons,

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SILVER SCREEN

on all newsstands January 12th

Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Virginia Bruce, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Bette Davis, Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Ernst Lubitsch, Raoul Walsh, Cesar Romero, Cary Grant, Jon Hall, Anton Litvak, Groucho Marx, Dr. Joel Pressman, Bill Haines, Ivan Lebedeff, Joe Manciewicz, Fannie Brice, Beatrice Lillie, Mitch Leisen.

What are they like, these famous celebs of the silver screen? Just like other people, only the girls are more stunning and the men are gayer. Cesar Romero, who used to be a ballroom dancer on Broadway, was easily the best dancer there. He and Loretta Young teamed up and did a tango that was really somethin'. Anton Litvak, Dr. Pressman and Jon Hall helped the servants roll up the living room rug for the dancing and a seven-piece swing band sat in a corner and played sweet and hot.

No doubt about it. The Hollywood parties have a certain something that is lacking in any other section of the country. Probably it's the beautiful girls. With twenty of the screen's most glamorous ladies as decoration, even a railroad roundhouse would be exciting, huh?

More Than Luck

[*Continued from page* 49]

though . . . and during those twelve years of bitter struggle for recognition she played with almost every star of the glamorous silent era.

Her great chance appeared when Director George Nichols, preparing for his production of "Finishing School," needed a young girl of unusual emotional ability to play a featured part. Nichols had been a cutter, and he recalled Anne's performance in a picture he had edited some time previously.

Accordingly, he called her and made a test . . . and the test proved a sensation. So did Anne's portrayal when "Finishing School" was released. It was but a step, then, to the studio casting her in "Anne of Green Gables." Although only featured in this, the popular reception was so outstanding that RKO-Radio executives yielded to the demand and formally named Anne—she adopted this name following her enactment of the Green Gables heroine—at the age of sixteen . . . a star!

Where Anne's discovery was a matter of long years, Joan Fontaine's was a question only of hours. On the opening night of "Call It a Day," Jesse L. Lasky, the producer, chanced to be present, and became so enthused with her possibilities as an actress that he went backstage after the performance . . . and signed her to a picture contract, then and there.

As June Lang grew to lovely young maidenhood, her interests lay in dancing, not the screen. Much of her childhood was spent in appearing on local stages, and at fourteen she played in her first revue. She was dancing at the Orpheum when a girl chum begged her to accompany her on a screen test she was taking for a Fox picture. By an odd quirk of fate, the casting director selected June for the role, and overnight she turned actress, in "Young Sinners." Her excellent work in this production led to the studio signing her to a contract.

So our young hopes entered upon studio contracts, and upon careers that now have lifted them to the peak. Anne, the roguish, capable of tearing your heart out with her acting . . . June, the delicate, a flower in no matter what setting . . . Joan, classical, idealistic yet practical. Regardless of type, however, they are rivals for renown, competitors for places in high drama, and in beauty, too.

Of the three, Anne undoubtedly has

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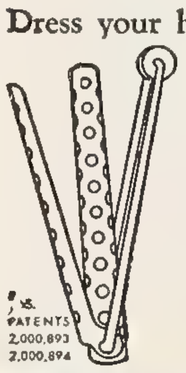

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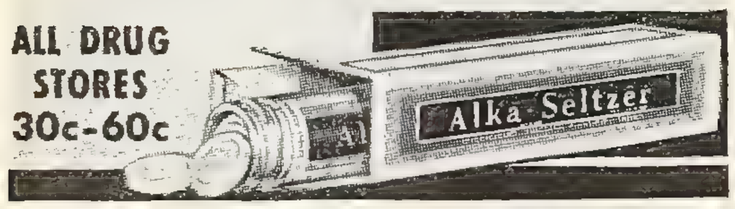

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benefited most through opportunity. Her work in "Stella Dallas" alone establishes her as an emotional star of unlimited scope, and, probably because she has suffered more, known privation and want and even hunger, she is better qualified than either June or Joan to express herself in pathos.

June Lang's Dresden doll like personality may limit her acting to quiet, sincere roles, but her ability is no less marked. She endows her parts with gripping conviction and in every way is a talented performer.

Joan probably will progress farther than either Anne or June, but this is because of her cosmopolitan type. No three girls in motion pictures today are more logical subjects for comparison and paralleling careers then they are. They are the newest contenders for dramatic honors, their beauty is an accepted fact, and each is a consummate actress. They still are under twenty-one, each has changed her name in the pursuit of fame—Anne Shirley from Dawn O'Day, June Lang from June Vlasek and Joan Fontaine from Joan de Havilland—and the plums of the studios are being tossed their way. The sky's the limit for each of them now.

Flashshots

[*Continued from page* 21]

many years.

Genevieve Tobin, blonde and amusing, is now in England making a picture, but in the weeks she was in New York before sailing she was frequently in the town's night clubs, very often escorted by the very social Joseph J. O'Donohue IV. When I asked if I might take a photo Mr. O'Donohue said not unless I had a drink at their table. So I had a glass of wine, while all Miss Tobin had was a copy of a magazine. She, like so many of the successful actors and actresses, drinks almost never, if at all.

John Engstead of Paramount had arranged for me to take photographs of Mary Carlisle out at Anna Q. Nilsson's charming house and we were to stop and pick up Miss Carlisle on the way out. We were early, or could Miss Carlisle have been late? In any case, she was out on the balcony of her apartment combing her blonde hair when we arrived. On a chair near her, hanging over a newspaper, were several pairs of sports socks which had just been washed. Miss Carlisle yipped in protest when she heard the shutter click, but it was too late, and so I show her to you as first I saw her. Her apartment is small, but delightfully furnished. From there we went on to Miss Nilsson's while I photographed them out in the garden, under the trees, but I still prefer Miss Carlisle with her comb and her newly washed socks.

In Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938," one of the largest night club scenes was laid at New York's famous El Morocco. The studio photographer, with great care, photographed and measured, and splendidly caught the atmosphere of the place. The photo above, however, was not on the set, but made at the real El Morocco in New York only a few weeks ago. Joan Bennett was East on a vacation, Walter Wanger happened to be in town and so they dropped in to see how much alike the movie and the actual were. Joan Bennett was a great success in New York and her clothes, and what hats she wore to "21" and the "Colony," were widely commented on in the newspapers. What the papers didn't say much about was that she was really in New York to spend a great deal of time with her very ill father.

I should say that Robert Montgomery has less of that elusive quality that stamps a successful movie star than any other actor I can think. I have seen him in Hollywood at the West Side Tennis Club, at private parties and in New York night clubs. He is always at ease, always pleasant and always inconspicuous. If a member of his party hadn't sent me a note that he was in the place I shouldn't have known it. I think he saw me coming, asked for a light, nodded and spoke pleasantly. Then I'm sure he forgot the entire incident. A gentleman fitting unobtrusively into his surroundings.

Gloria Swanson, Gladys Swarthout and Grace Moore get all their clothes in private life from Valentina, a fascinating Russian who, when she saw me about to snap a shot, hurriedly tried to arrange Grace Moore's sleeve the way she felt it should be worn. It all happened at a cocktail party Valentina, in private life Mrs. George Schlee, was giving for Miss Moore, who was late and finally arrived after much excitement. She had said where she would be and every few minutes there were calls from secretaries, newspaper people, friends and fans. Grace Moore has been accused of being temperamental, and I don't know whether she is or not, but if she isn't with that sort of a life, it's a miracle.

Old friends somehow seem better friends when seen in strange towns and unexpected places, and I'm sure that Mary Brian and Randolph Scott felt that way when they met in New York. Mary Brian was with the English actor, Billy Mitton, and Randolph was with a whole table of friends.

Time was when Sylvia Sidney was difficult about all casual snapshots and I always suspected that it was because she really was rather uncertain of her looks and shy about them. Now she makes a grand and very helpful subject and is a very good sport. I suppose no matter how shy one is, that the life of a movie star, and time itself, accustoms one to anything—even one's own face.

Stars Recall Joyous Yuletides

[*Continued from page* 13]

paste and covered with chocolate."

Paul Lukas hasn't lived in Hungary for a number of years, but, like Dietrich, he loves to remember his last Christmas in his native land.

"One thing I recall well," smiled Paul, "and that is—I ate so much that shortly afterwards I thought I was going to burst wide open any moment! After the Hungarian fashion, we had a scanty but ceremonious meal on Christmas Eve. This included wine soup, grilled carp, walnut cake-roll and apples. On Christmas Day, however, we all attacked a feast at noontime, featuring pig-soup with vinegar, roast duck, roast pig, sweet and sour cabbage, fried noodles with jelly and walnuts and cakes and cookies!"

"I shudder to think what Christmas will mean this year to war-torn Spain," mused Grace Moore, whose husband, Valentin Parara, was born in that once care-free country. "Yet how well I recall the last Christmas I spent there in my husband's native land, before any thoughts of a mad, horrible civil war. The Spanish people loved music, mirth and hilarity so much, poor dears, so always made them the feature of the occasion. The provinces had varied customs, naturally, but Christmas Day was the Day of Days with them all."

Christmas in South America is like spring in this country, according to Marguerite Churchill, or Mrs. George O'Brien, if you prefer. She spent her childhood in Buenos Aires, where her dad, a theatrical producer, was the first to introduce English musical comedy in that land.

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

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"I was quite small but I vividly recall how excited I was when I was allowed to accompany my parents to their last Christmas dinner party spent in South America," said Marguerite. "It was given by the American ambassador and the center-piece of the table was a mound of tropical grapes, with the leaf tendrils coming out to each plate. All Buenos Aires is noted for epicures, so—course after course of perfect food! The final touch came at the end of the dinner, when the table was cleared and small silver buckets filled with ice water were placed before each guest. They were used to 'swish' the choicest of grapes around in until they were chilled to just the right temperature—when they were 'popped' into our mouths!

"Another thing I remember is that turkey soup is favored even over roast turkey and is served not only just following Christmas, but all the year around!"

Christmas at Janet Gaynor's is celebrated with a large breakfast at noon to which Janet and Mrs. Gaynor invite relatives and friends. Carols are played on the phonograph and later the company gathers around the tree before the fireplace and opens presents.

Warner Baxter likes to celebrate the day by really cooking the entire family dinner himself. He gathers all his and his wife's clans at his home—it's a family tradition—keeps the Yule log burning in the huge fireplace in the recreation room and with music and song the time is passed merrily before, during and after dinner. Then Warner, in the role of Santa, personally gives out the presents.

John Boles believes in the old-fashioned southern Christmas, with the Yule log and all the trimmings. "We place the log on the hearth on Christmas Eve," says Boles, "and it burns through Christmas Day and night, when we always keep open house for friends. During the evening I am called upon to sing 'Silent Night' and other hymns, after which we all join in singing carols."

Christmas at the McLaglen home, finds Victor and his family reverting to their native English traditions. There are huge sides of roasted beef, hams, turkeys—the table literally groans with food, and for the Christmas Day feast there's the ever-popular plum pudding, brought in ablaze with brandy. "Christmas is for the kids," says Victor, "and we always concentrate on them. If I get a handkerchief or two myself, I'm happy at being remembered, but I make it my business to see that none of the kids in the family are neglected."

The Paul Kellys hold open house on Christmas Eve while Paul trims the tree, and then they go visiting on Christmas Day. They will have turkey dinner at home.

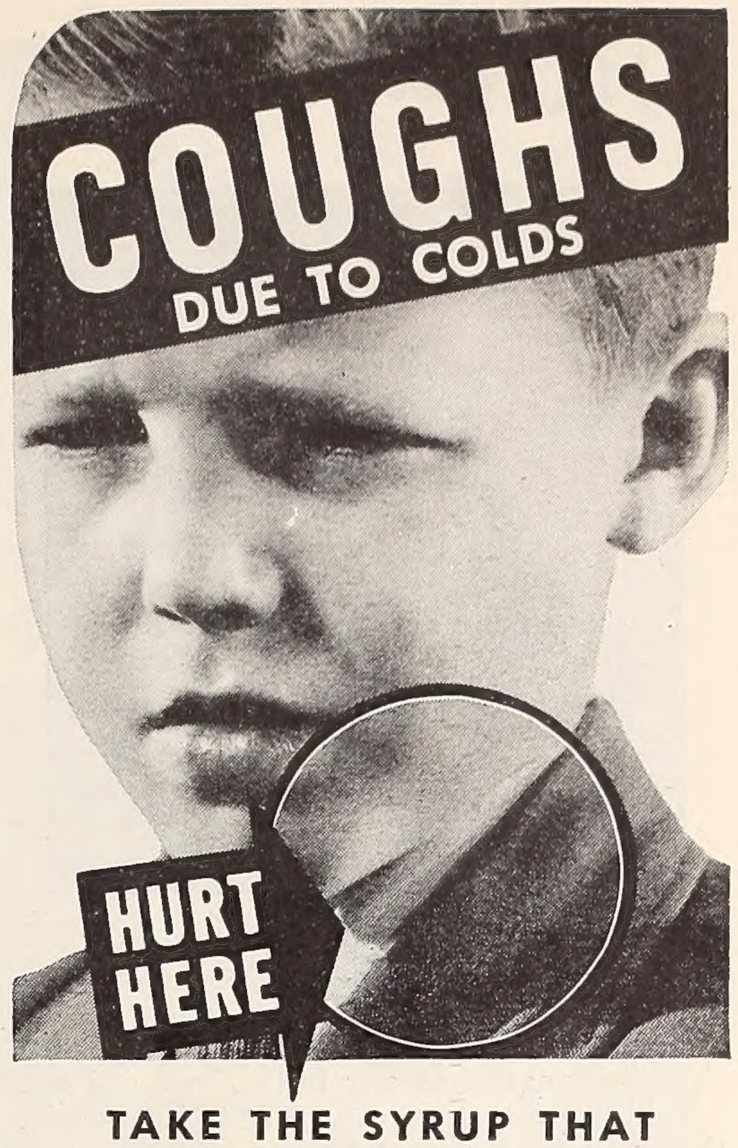
Ireland will be well represented in the film capital observances by George Brent, Maureen O'Sullivan, Errol Flynn and dozens of others who will keep a peat fire burning from Christmas Eve through midnight of Christmas Day.

Nils Asther laughs when he tells you about the little wooden shoes that the great Garbo once told him she used to put out to attract the attention of the Swedish Kris Kringle! And June Lang smiles when she thinks how she used to save every spare penny in a little tin box so she could buy her mother something "nice" for Christmas.

All these Christmas memories the stars hold very dear—they are, in fact, amongst their greatest treasures.

But—your favorite stars are not, as a rule, selfish. If they could see and say a word or two to you right this minute, they would, perchance for the moment, forget themselves and their plans for Christmas, 1937—and, like the writer, wish you—

THE VERY MERRIEST CHRISTMAS EVER!



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Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged* ...right in the throat. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. The big 6 oz. bottle costs only 60¢.

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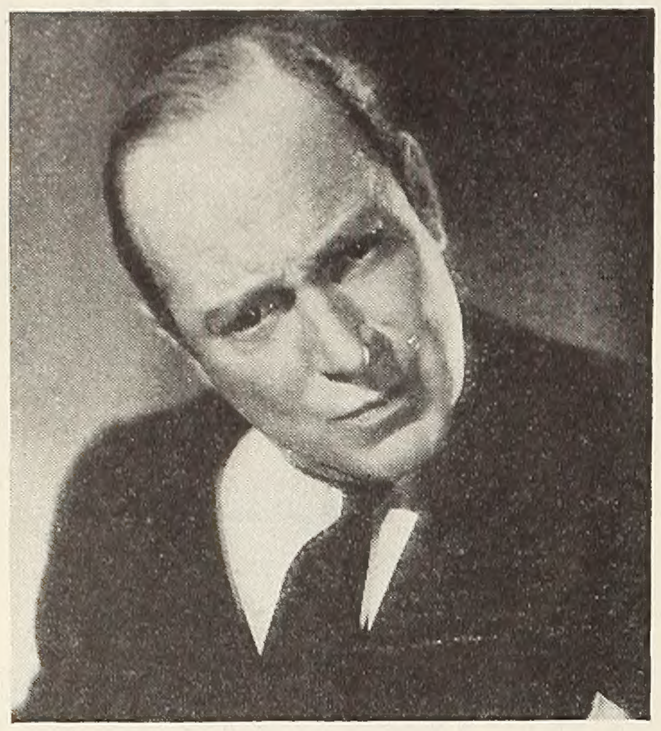
The Final Fling



Eric Blore

WE WOULD be failing in the performance of our duty if we did not impress upon you that it is essential that you see "The Hurricane." Once you ride the tempest which forms so great a part of this picture you will become a disciple of the storm god—south sea stories from Conrad to Jack London will mean infinitely more to you and, in addition, you will become an honorary member of the Valkyrie Riding Club.

There have been motion pictures of mighty storms and mountainous waves before, but the reality of this bit of weather is maintained by the unbelievable and convincing sounds that fill the theatre. We cannot tell you about the technical problems nor how they were mastered, but take it from one who, man and boy, had bucked many a nor'easter and tasted the flying spume of the Atlantic Ocean in travail, the screaming of the wind has been recorded and recreated in masterly fashion, which brings us to the question—

This reality of sound and action—is that an artistic triumph? Acting that makes us feel the genuineness of an emotion is great, inspired, uplifting and in our opinion ART. And this wonderful performance of wind and sea is also *Art*. Why? Because that which jostles our imagination and causes it to react so sincerely is the work of an artist.

There was a surprising amount of Dorothy Lamour's slender, beautiful body in the advance advertising, but think nothing of it. She has only a small part in the picture. This film is not a sexy exhibition. But it is a terrifying screenplay of a hurricane that you will always remember. It raises Jon Hall to a place among the stars.

CLEVER comedies delightfully absurd and armed with wise satirical barbs are entertainment at its best. One of these, "It's Love I'm After," features Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and Eric Blore, who has a grand part. The funniest moment in the picture is his, and many of the situations radiate humor because of him. We suggest that you watch him closely and notice how happy he is. He loves the pretending and relishes the good lines.

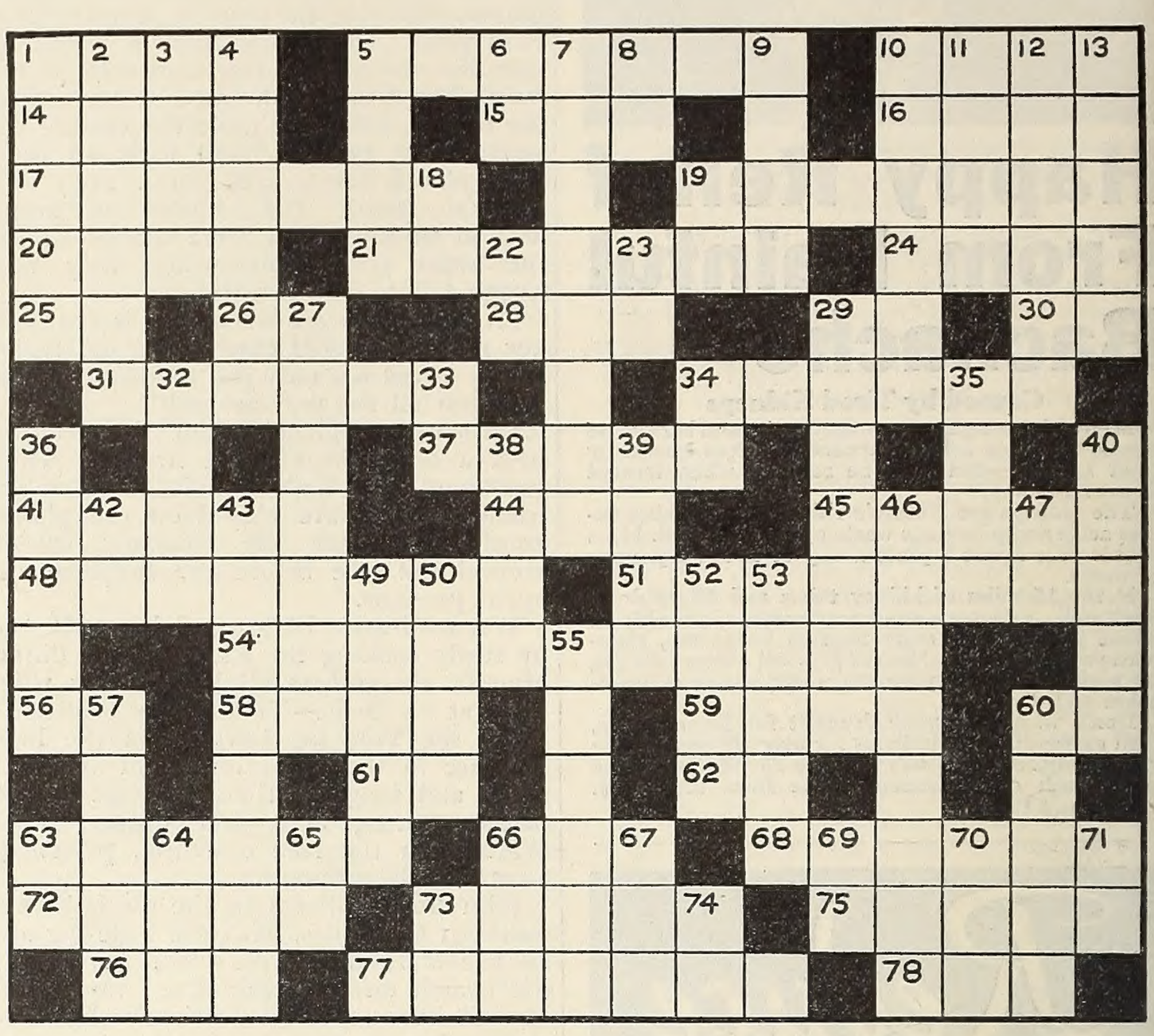
Do artists all enjoy themselves when doing their work? Is Sonja Henie happy when skating or Lily Pons when she releases the magic of her voice?

Edward Keen

EDITOR

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

1 She originated "The Goldbergs" of radio fame
5 The wealthy girl in "Stage Door"
10 Part of a vessel
14 Verbal
15 A high mountain
16 Melody
17 Teamed with Tyrone Power in "Second Honeymoon"
19 Mrs. John Farrow
20 Paradise
21 Freddie Bartholomew's friend in "Captains Courageous"
24 Drudgery
25 Point of compass (abbr.)
26 Period of time (abbr.)
28 Bustle
29 Measure of length (abbr.)
30 Famous Mark Twain character (initials)
31 Shelter for horses
34 Star of "100 Men and a Girl"
37 Sylvia Sidney's brother in "Dead End"
41 Drift lightly on water
44 Mercantile Library Association (abbr.)
45 The earth
48 In "A Damsel In Distress"
51 His violin made him famous
54 Mrs. Jack Benny
56 Sun god
58 Presently
59 Mohammedan prince
60 Exists
61 Regarding
62 "Baby Face Martin" in "Dead End" (initials)
63 Sweet
66 Urge
68 Facial expressions of pleasure
72 To earn a right to
73 Young star of "Make a Wish"
75 The years of adolescence
76 Month (abbr.)
77 With Francis Lederer in "It's All Yours"
78 Perceive by the eye

DOWN

1 Husband of "Stella Dallas"
2 Eats away
3 Unusual
4 Plays in the "Torchy Blane" series
5 Head coverings
6 Parent
7 In "Stand-In"
8 Upon
9 Not far distant
10 A recent bridegroom
11 Extent of space
12 Afternoon nap
13 Armored cars used in warfare
18 Associated Press (abbr.)
19 Myself
22 Each (abbr.)
23 Corporation (abbr.)
27 Keep away from
29 In "Music for Madame"
32 Town (Scot.)
33 Exclamation of interrogation
34 In "Hollywood Hotel" (init.)
35 Roman emperor
36 Present for acceptance
38 So be it
39 Rowing implements
40 Floats made of logs
42 Behold!
43 Second largest body of water
46 Effective forces
47 Builder of the first steamboat (initials)
49 Dentin obtained from elephant tusks
50 A number
52 Western state
53 Shells filled with an explosive
55 In "Stage Door"
57 Exposed to the air
60 Star of "High, Wide and Handsome"
63 Star of "Life of Emile Zola" (initials)
64 Before
65 Telegraphic Transfer (abbr.)
66 Go astray
67 In "Souls at Sea" (abbr.)
69 High point of land (abbr.)
70 With Gertrude Michaels in "Sophie Lang Goes West"
71 She loved Joel McCrea in "Dead End" (initials)
73 A degree (abbr.)
74 North Latitude (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

B	A	K	E	R	■	D	R	E	A	M	■	E	D	G	A	R
A	R	E	■	H	A	V	I	L	L	A	N	D	■	E	G	O
X	M	A	S	■	N	O	V	A	R	R	O	■	J	O	E	L
T	S	■	L	A	■	R	E	N	E	■	■	O	O	■	S	A
E	■	R	E	P	E	A	T	■	A	H	E	R	N	E	■	N
R	M	■	D	R	A	K	E	■	D	A	N	C	E	■	M	D
■	O	A	S	I	S	■	D	A	Y	■	V	I	S	T	A	■
O	R	B	■	L	Y	E	■	U	■	S	Y	N	■	A	S	P
A	R	E	A	■	■	N	I	E	C	E	■	■	E	R	S	E
R	I	■	S	O	N	D	E	R	G	A	A	R	D	■	E	N
■	S	■	T	W	O	S	■	■	■	S	C	A	D	■	Y	■
M	■	D	O	E	R	■	W	A	R	■	T	H	I	N	■	A
A	M	I	R	■	R	■	R	Y	E	■	O	■	E	A	R	N
I	T	S	■	D	I	V	A	■	N	A	R	D	■	V	A	N
L	■	C	R	O	S	B	Y	■	D	I	S	N	E	Y	■	E

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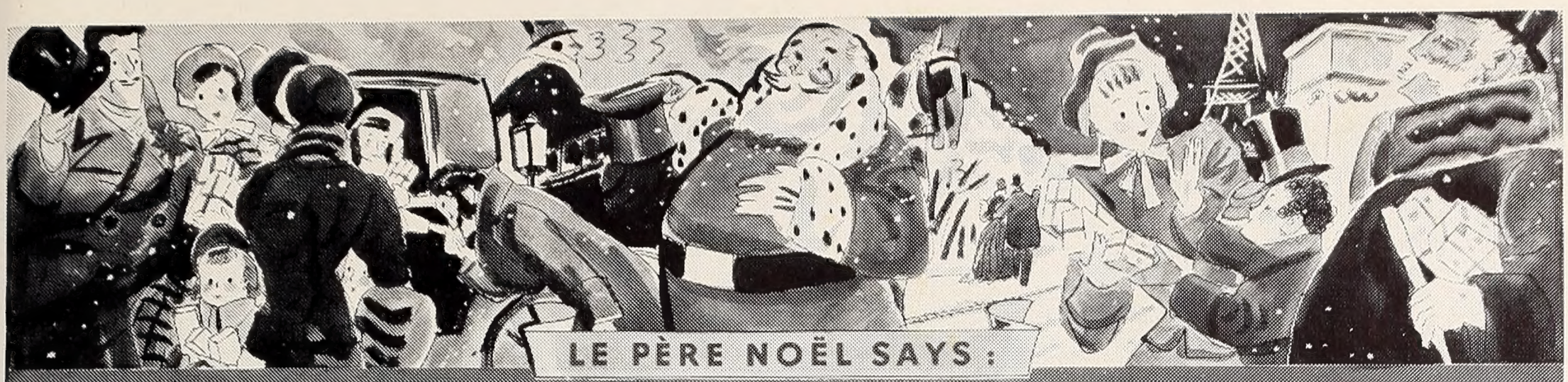
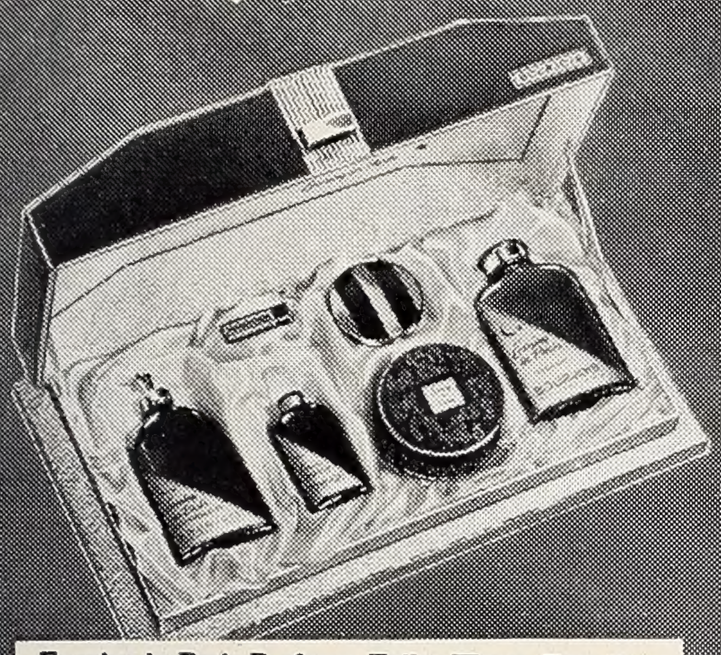


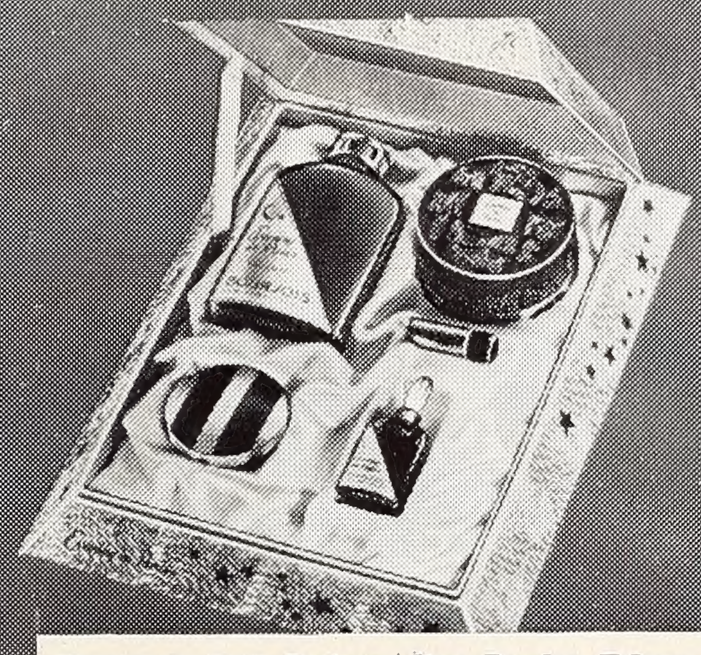
"Every Lady likes Beauty with a French Accent"



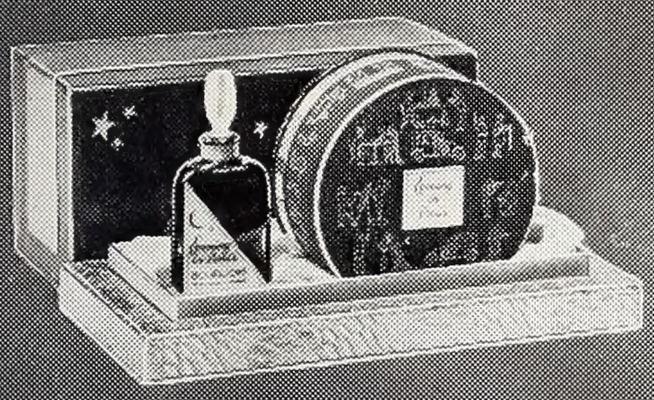
Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Powder Vanity and Lipstick in satin-lined chest. . . **$10.00**

Take the advice of le Père Noël, the Santa Claus of France, if you would win most fervent feminine thanks for your gifts...Give beauty, as every lady loves it best...with a *French* accent ...Give Evening in Paris Christmas Sets. By getting them for every lady on your list, you can do all the feminine part of your Christmas shopping right at one counter, saving hours of time and much wear and tear on you...Thirty-one sets, $1.10 to $25.00

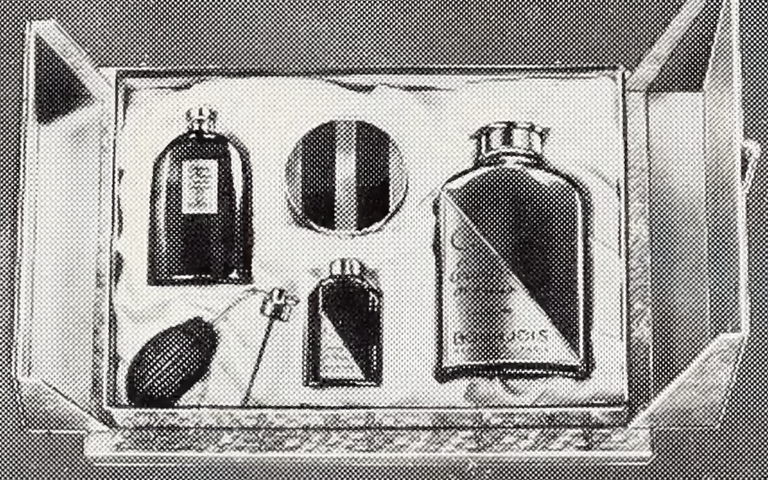
At your favorite drug or department store



Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Powder Vanity and Lipstick in silk-tasselled, blue and silver box. - - **$5.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder are things every woman wants. This set has a stunning box with a silvery frieze across the top. . **$2.25**



Evening in Paris Perfume in a handsome bottle with its own atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum Powder and Single Loose Powder Vanity. **$4.00**

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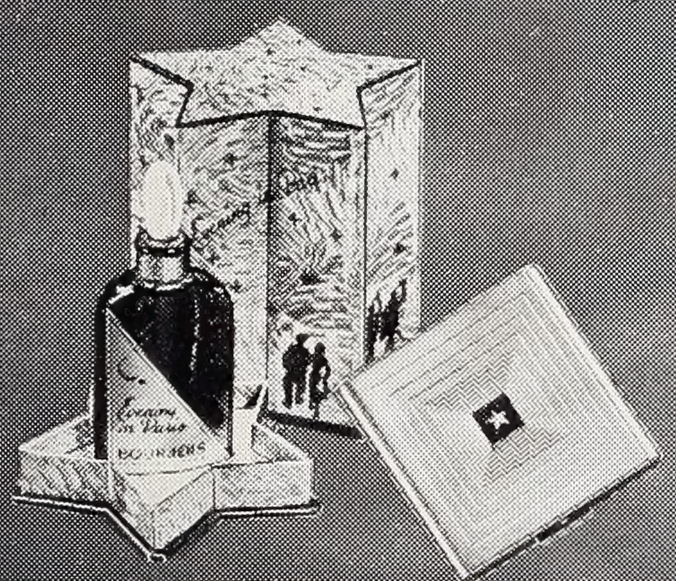

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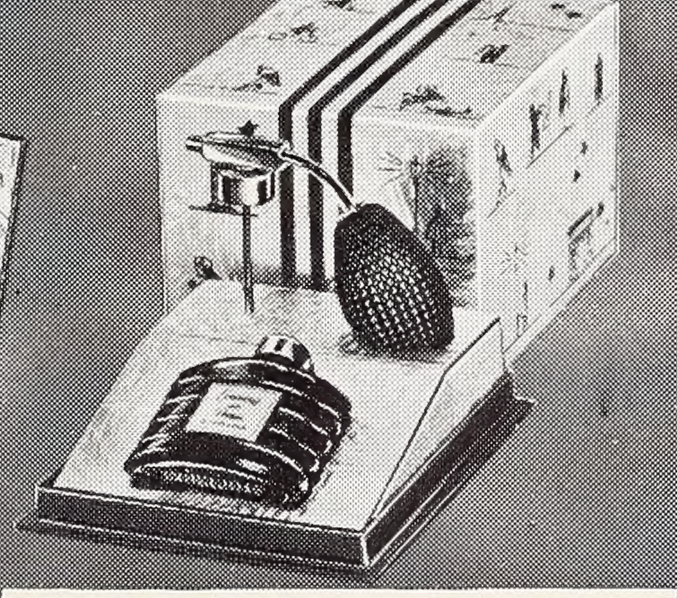

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Evening in Paris BOURJOIS

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